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A GLANCE AT THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

"IT is twelve o'clock," said my *vis-à-vis*, looking at his watch, as a gleam of ruddy light flashed in through the car-window.

"And here we are at La Crosse," was the next remark, the gleam of light growing stronger and broader, and quite flooding the interior of the car.

nals in a picture than the company now leaving the cars for the Upper Mississippi steamer at La Crosse.

Great torches were burning at each corner of the wharf, huge iron crates mounted high in the air, filled with inflammable and resinous pitch-pine, which in combustion sent out a lurid light. The faces of the bewildered and

dus has come to be so universal. They looked like great floating arks, standing out against that background of impenetrable darkness as mysterious and unfathomable as Tartarean gloom.

Each steamer had at leeward, like great torch-lights, two crates projecting over the vessel's sides into the midnight blackness.



THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, NEAR ST. LOUIS.

Only the most placid amiability, or the most imperturbable good-humor, is equal to this rousing at midnight when traveling, however uncomfortable the interrupted sleep. I have had divers experiences of it; have seen tired, sleepy, fretful, stolid, hungry, cold, querulous, impatient crowds making the hateful transit from one conveyance to another, but never saw better brigands or baccha-

disheveled passengers, reddened by the glare of those torches, might have served a Hogarth in drawing or a Rubens in color.

We saw in the red light three tall white steamers lying at the wharf—great passenger and freight craft of the Mississippi, very unlike steamers built for Eastern rivers, and yet more unlike those in use on the ocean, so familiar to all the world since the Eastern exo-

These showed us the negroes in their scant costumes, bearing huge burdens of luggage or freight, and illuminated the long arcades of freight-holds on the first deck. Mississippi boats, being required to have shallow draft, are all built above water.

Beyond this we saw nothing. The black night, and the black, sluggish water, rebutted the lurid rays, and there seemed no power of

refraction in the darkness beyond. It was only darkness made visible.

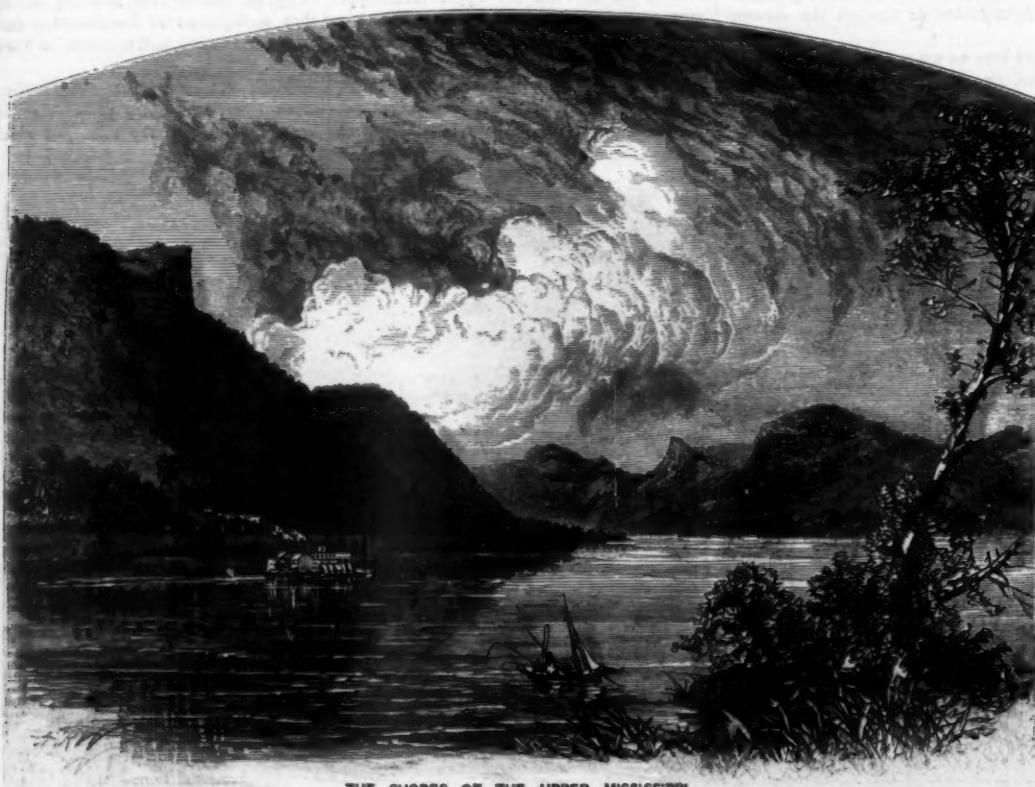
When we were once on board, we were thoroughly roused from our sleepiness, and made oblivious of fatigue by the picturesqueness of the scene. We leaned far over the railing, watching the black stevedores, alternately red in the torch-light, and dusky in the shadow, as they came and went with their burdens. They were crooning a characteristic song, with an elaborate chorus, which caught in its meshes the voice of every negro on the boats or on the shore. As the labor lightened, those on our boat, which was between the others, struck out boldly with the words, while from the steamers on each side of us came the refrain. When the time for separa-

tic course till the stately vessel was out of sight, till its red lights and its singing negroes were lost to eye and ear.

I have seen many rare night-scenes in traveling, and remember strange midnights. There was one, in a half-wrecked ship, lying on its side on Frying-pan Shoals, off Cape Fear; another, hemmed in by ice in the Susquehanna, off Havre de Grace; a third, speeding on burning cars through the woods of North Carolina; a fourth, passing through flaming woods in Canada, with the story of Chicago's tragedy ringing in the ears; but, amid these and other vivid and startling recollections, comes this embarking from La Crosse on the steamer as one of the most weird, the most memorable of all night-scenes

walls and the castellated rocks of its hills. Quiet as the lake lay beneath us, the morning breeze was playing fantastic tricks with the mist, whirling it along, twisting and rolling and curling it into a thousand curious convolutions.

As it reached some opening in the eastern shore, the sunlight, streaming through, made it golden, warming its grays into browns, and kissing its pearliness into saffron and orange tints. Higher and yet higher rose the sun, pouring its rays over the craggy banks till the whole rolling, rising body of mist was resolved into a golden glory which illuminated the dark bosom of the water, the twilights of the woods, the pine-draped forest-aisles, the caves wrought in the hill-side



THE SHORES OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

tion arrived, the singing grew noisier and wilder, the chorus louder and louder, the men no longer busy keeping time with a heavy tramp.

The boat going down the river was the first to depart. The distance between us widened; the chorus-singers, in their picturesque costumes, passed along under the gleams of our torch; the sullen waves of the black river rolled a few white crests, left by her wake, into the red light; the white steamer passed out of sight, and the voices of the singers died away in the distance.

Then, simultaneously with the other vessel, we left the wharf, parting company; the singers below grew louder and noisier, but the refrain came back softer and more and more indistinct. We watched it on its majes-

in travel. Going to Europe for romantic travel adventures has not seemed a necessity in my life. The one scene I have tried to paint would have furnished material for poet or painter, or both, as Cole showed himself in his "Voyage of Life."

Morning found us astir early. We had agreed to be on deck in time for the entrance into Lake Pepin. Here the river broadens till for thirty miles it has a width of twelve. We approached it through a channel leading apparently into a *cul-de-sac*, so intricate were its windings. The view burst upon us just before sunrise. It was as if we came purposefully at this supreme moment into the august amphitheatre of this majestic river. Volumes of mist were rolling off the lake, rolling up its banks, breaking themselves against the steep

by the hand of Time; and we could fancy it on its glorifying mission making its way, through the mullioned windows and bastion loop-holes, to the dwellers in the towering castles above us.

If my words carry me too rapidly into the realms of fancy, thought had far outstripped them while we watched the dissolving views of our Rhine — our beautiful Upper Mississippi. The peculiarity of its shores, their towering irregularity and castellated aspect, is comparable only to the beauty of the storied Rhine, with its lofty hills, and its old towers and fortresses. This peculiarity is due to the nature of the stone forming its rocks. The action of time and tempest, of wind and weather, is to wear, and beat, and shape, and chisel the soft rock into shapes which so

resemble old feudal remains of castles and donjon - keeps, that one looks with amazement upon the freaks of these New-World architects.

These visions of strongholds which imagination easily peoples and readily entwines with mythic or historic lore, are scattered irregularly along the shores, cresting the tall palisades and taller hill-tops. The rock has the soft tint of warm, time-stained stone. That it has taken, in such numberless instances, these singular resemblances to fortresses and castles seems almost incredible when we remember that only time and tempest did the work.

The vegetation of the Upper Mississippi is noticeable for its almost tropical luxuriance. Whenever we neared the shores this was re-

anon giving us a majestic passage between shores standing off as though a nation's fleet of gun-ships were expected.

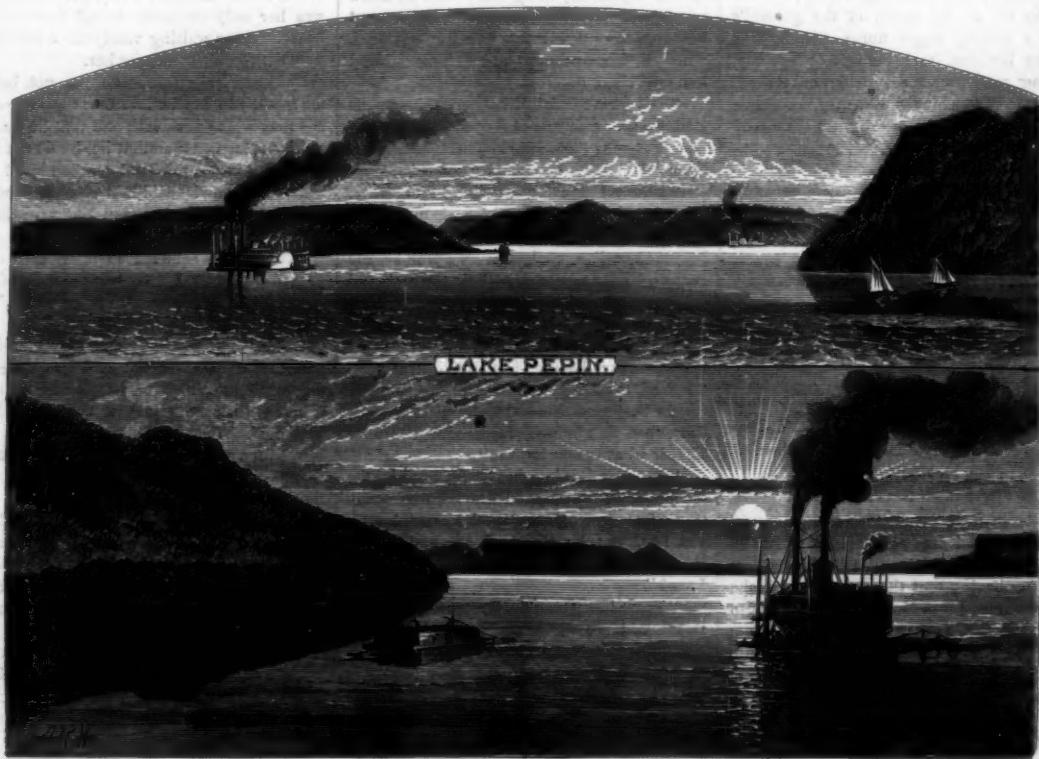
The livelong day we watched these lovely, changing shores, for which only the Hudson, with its Palisades and Highlands; the Rhine, with its storied castles, and vine-clad hills, and the low, rich swamp-land of the far South, could furnish illustration and association.

Ignorant of the great West and of the march of civilization, I was going to St. Paul looking for Indians. We landed sewing-machines and pianos all the way up the river. When we reached the city, the courteous Colonel Johnson telegraphed of our coming, met us at the boat, and we found at least Broadway luxury, if not Parisian elegance of furnishing and serving, at his hotel.

back in the evening to St. Paul, over the prairie, as radiant and redolent with sweet flowers as a cultivated garden.

We approached the city by its beautiful suburbs of country-seats and villas. The city is built on a bluff which overlooks the river. These suburbs are on a yet higher bluff or plateau, overlooking the city. I know no lovelier suburban drive than this. The mansions are elegant — the grounds about them rivaling those of any villas in the land — looking as if they had had a half-century of growth and culture. The happy climate, the luxuriant soil, and the refined tastes of the people, have combined to make St. Paul a garden-spot in the West.

I must not omit mention of our visit at Fort Snelling on our morning's drive. There



marked. Sometimes the channel took us close to land, under the shadows of superb trees, whose huge trunks were covered with vines which climbed to the majestic height of sixty, eighty, or a hundred feet, and swung below the outstretched limbs, recalling Southern swamps, and drawing the eye, again and again, to be sure the yellow jasmine - buds were not lingering on them, or that an alligator was not ready to dart out for a bath.

The channel is often very intricate, now half encircling one of the fairy islands which obstruct the course of the river, now taking us through straits suggestive of shallow waters and delusions beyond, and tempting us to wish coolness and shadow would remain with us always; now turning a sharp point, as at the entrance of Lake Pepin, and

To tell of our drive to Minneapolis, and our visit, *en route*, at the cave; and at Minnehaha, the "laughing water" of Hiawatha; of the town itself, the very prettiest New-England town in the West, with its houses embowered in trees, and surrounded by flower-gardens surpassing New England's power to produce; of its tall and numerous church-spikes, its fine public buildings, including an opera-house, before the town was a dozen years old; of its extensive manufactories; of the Fall of St. Anthony, where the whole Mississippi comes tumbling over upheaving rocks—to describe all these things would take a paper by itself.

We crossed the river into the town of St. Anthony, now incorporated with Minneapolis, visited the Fall of the Bridal Veil, and drove

was nothing attractive about the fort. Its almost legendary though so recent record of Indian outrages and resistance of the white man's encroachments—Indian punishments and suffering, and stories of how our outposts of civilization are held—have their own place in our literature and history. But not these were the interests of this visit.

The fort is finely situated on a bluff, rising three or four hundred feet above the Mississippi. On one side comes the broad and beautiful Minnesota, rolling on its tranquil way; but at the foot of this bluff it is drawn into the bosom of the Mississippi, and the wedded rivers become one. As we surveyed them, the Minnesota seemed here more beautiful, broader, and more powerful than the king of rivers, but she quietly resigns herself

to the union, merging power and beauty alike as she gives up her power and identity.

Beyond the general's house, on the outermost edge of the bluff, commanding a view of the rivers and their junction, and of the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach, is a pavilion; here we retired for an hour. There is no grander picture lingering in my mind than this from the bluff, whereon stands Fort Snelling. Half-way below us a railroad-track wound its seemingly perilous way around the cliff; over the Mississippi was the rope-ferry by which we had crossed; before us, the great, smiling prairie-land, significant of a future and plenty; behind us, the munitions and paraphernalia of war.

Lost in reverie, we spent this pleasure-hour, roused at last by no Indian war-whoop or volley of musketry, but by the cry of a very young infant. Turning hastily, we saw close by us, on the porch of the general's house, a comely negro nurse, with a tiny baby on her arm, its little velvety face and sweeping robes, and the pride of its old "maumee," touching our hearts, and leaving a memory which absorbs all others of Fort Snelling.

C. H. B. R.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Man cannot make, but may enoble fate,
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient out of darkness and of dust.

"Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
Never farewell—if farewell mean to fare
Alone and disunited. Love hath set
Our days, in music, to the self-same air."

WHEN Norah reached Rosland, her first act—after having sent the note of which she was the bearer, up to Mrs. Middleton—was to go to Leslie. She found her alone. From exhaustion and weariness, she had fallen into a light sleep, but the sound of the opening door, and the rustle of Norah's dress, as she crossed the room, wakened her. She came back to consciousness with a start, but the sense of sorrow had not left her even in sleep, and she was spared that keen pang which usually comes with waking to those in grief.

"Are you back, Norah?" she said, springing to a sitting posture. "Has Captain Tyndale been discharged? Is it all over?"

"It is all over," said Norah, coming to her side. "He has been discharged. I knew you would be glad to hear it, so I came to you at once."

"Yes, I am very glad to hear it," said Leslie. "But what a terrible charge to have been made against him, of all people! Arthur's cousin—I almost feel as if he were Arthur's brother—Norah, were they mad to say such a thing of him?"

"They had some show of reason for their suspicions," said Norah, hesitatingly. The truth must be told, and yet she scarcely knew how to tell it. "You know that he was in the grounds with me at midnight. We heard a shot—I did not tell you this before, dear—and it was then that Mr. Tyndale was killed. We thought very little of it at the time, but you can imagine that such a fact might have thrown suspicion on Captain Tyndale, especially since he would not account for his absence by summoning me as a witness, or, indeed, by mentioning me at all."

"Aunt Mildred told me that," said Leslie, simply. "It was not more than I should have expected of him."

"It was more than I should have expected," said Norah. "But that does not matter. Of course it was not likely that I should expect any thing more than common courtesy and respect. My testimony went very far toward clearing him," she added. "Indeed, I suppose it would have cleared him entirely, but—"

"But what?" asked Leslie, anxiously, as she paused. "Is he not cleared?"

"Yes—for the real circumstances of Mr. Tyndale's death are now known."

"Known? Are they known?" said Leslie. She started violently, her eyes expanded, her face blanched even whiter than it had been before, her lips unclosed. "Norah!" she gasped. "How was it? Tell me!—I can bear any thing!"

"There is nothing worse than you know already to bear," said Norah; but as she spoke her heart was beating at a suffocating rate. "Indeed, there may be something better. It will be better to think that he died by accident, than that he was murdered, will it not? That is what is now known."

"But, how is it known?" demanded Leslie, feverishly. "Norah, you are keeping something from me. I see it—I know it! But you need not be afraid—I can endure any thing! Have you not learned yet how strong I am?"

"There is nothing to test your strength in this," said Norah, gently. "Mr. Tyndale's death was purely accidental. You must appreciate that, Leslie—you must put all thought of violence away from you—for it was—it was some one whom you know very well who was the unfortunate cause of his death."

"Some one whom I know very well!" repeated Leslie. As she spoke, a whirl of conjecture passed through her mind. Then a ray of intuition came to her, and just as Norah, who did not mean to keep her in suspense, was on the point of speaking, she uttered a cry. "Carl!" she said, catching her sister's hands, in a quick, nervous grasp. "Norah! Was it—was it Carl?"

Her eyes were bent on Norah's face to detect any thing like evasion or subterfuge; but Norah had no intention of employing either. "Yes, it was Carl," she answered, quietly—so quietly that her words had more of a soothing than an exciting effect. "But, Leslie, you must listen to me, and you must believe me. He had no more intention of killing Arthur Tyndale than I had."

"How did he do it?" asked Leslie. Her lips seemed parched. A sudden shivering

sense of horror came over her. Carl! It had been Carl! Out of her own household had come the slayer of the man she loved! Norah saw that she was thinking this, and her voice sounded almost peremptory. "You must listen to me!" she repeated. "It is only justice to do so."

And then she told Carl's story better than Carl had told it himself—that is, she brought it even more forcibly and clearly to the comprehension of her listener. She dwelt strongly, yet with infinite gentleness and consideration, upon the state in which Max had left his cousin, thus making it apparent that Carl must have spoken truth when he said that Tyndale had been the aggressor in the struggle which ended so fatally. Leslie heard her without word or sign. She sank back on the pillows, and covered her face as she listened. When Norah finished, a low, shuddering sigh was her only comment on all that she had heard. After waiting vainly for a minute or two, the former bent over her.

"Leslie," she said, "do you not believe me?—do you not believe Carl? Do you not see that it was accident; and that he was not to blame, further than that he should not have interfered in what did not concern him?"

"I see it all!" said Leslie—and the words were an absolute groan. "You were the beginning and end of the whole, Norah!"

The words sounded so much like a reproach, that Norah drew back. She had not meant to do ill, but just then her conscience stabbed her like a sword. It was true! She had been the beginning and the end of the whole! If she had not come to America, Leslie might have been happy still, no more deceived than many another woman has lived and died. But Leslie had not meant her words for a reproach, and, feeling that retreating motion, she looked up, holding out her hand.

"Don't misunderstand me," she said; "I did not mean to blame you for what was no fault of yours. It is well that I should realize it. I was nothing; you were every thing. And it all came from his deception. But Carl—what will be done to Carl?"

"Nothing—Captain Tyndale thinks. I have not spoken to your uncle about it. I can see that he feels very bitterly toward me."

"Why should he?"

"Because, as you say, it has been through me that it has all come to pass. O Leslie, Leslie, can you forgive me? I shall never forgive myself—never, never!"

Then all the over-wrought calm in which she had been holding herself for so long, gave way—and a great passion of tears burst forth—a passion that fairly startled Leslie, and yet did her good, for it drew her away from herself. All the inherent gentleness and nobleness of her character came out then. She put her arms around Norah's shaking form and uttered words of kindness, which the other never forgot. In that hour they became sisters in heart as well as in fact. To the tie of blood which had hitherto united them, was added the deeper and rarer tie of sympathy and affection. The shock which would have divided forever two ordinary natures, bound these together, showed these

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one to the other more plainly and more clearly than years of surface intercourse could have done.

Yet, when Norah recovered her self-control, she announced a resolution which took Leslie by surprise—which amazed her, indeed. “I have come to tell you that I must leave you,” she said. “Surely you are not surprised! Surely you know why I must go? It does not require either words or looks to tell me how unwelcome my presence is to your uncle and aunt.”

“Why should you think such a thing?” said Leslie. “They are too just to visit on you all that has occurred! Norah, you must not think of such a thing! It would be doing yourself a grave injustice in the eyes of the world. People would say—what would they not say if you left us now?”

“What people say is a matter of very small importance to me,” answered Norah. “I think very little—too little, perhaps—of that! Besides which, they are likely to say all that you fear, as it is. No, I cannot stay, Leslie—you must not press me to do so. I was wrong ever to come. This world is not my world. I must go back to Bohemia. You have been very good—very kind and very generous—to me, my dear. I shall certainly never forget that. But still I must go.”

“Norah, it is impossible! Not now—not at once!”

“At once!” said Norah, firmly. “I am told that a train for Alton leaves Wexford at four o’clock this afternoon. I must take that, Nay, Leslie, my dear Leslie, don’t look at me so imploringly! You cannot tell how many reasons there are which force me to go. If it seems terrible to you that I should start on such a voyage alone, remember that I have had a different training from any you can ever imagine. Nobody has ever shielded me from the world. I have gone everywhere and done every thing. It would be rather late, therefore, to begin to hesitate about doing this. Even if it seemed as terrible to me as it does to you, I must still do it—I must go.”

And this was the final end of all arguments, all pleadings. She must still do it—she must go! Leslie at last saw that it was hopeless to oppose or attempt to dissuade her. But, when Mrs. Middleton heard of the intended departure, she was outraged. This seemed the crowning stroke of all Norah’s enormity. “What will people say?” was the thought. “For Leslie’s sake, she must be stopped. I wish to Heaven she had never come, but since she has come, it would be the source of endless scandal for her to leave like this!” Yet even Mrs. Middleton remonstrated in vain. Norah was decided. She would go.

Mr. Middleton, meanwhile, having settled with the magistrates about Carl’s bail, was anxious to take the latter back to Rosland with him. But Carl, naturally enough, shrank from that. “It is impossible, sir,” he said. “I must go away. I feel like Cain. It is true I did not kill the poor fellow—but I cannot forget that if I had not interfered in what was no affair of mine, if I had not lost my senses, he might be alive now! I cannot

go back to Rosland. I cannot face Leslie and—and Miss Desmond, with that thought between us. It is impossible!”

“Very well,” said Mr. Middleton, with a sigh of resignation. “Where are you going? Back to Alton?”

“Where everybody will be reading this in the morning papers and canvassing it to-morrow?—No! I could stand Rosland better than that! I shall go in the other direction—where, I don’t know. The farther away, the better.”

“Go, if you wish to do so,” said his uncle. “But don’t carry any morbid ideas with you; to lead you into fresh trouble, perhaps. Remember that an accident is only an accident in the sight of man and God. After all,” said he, shaking his head, “it may be as well for Leslie. I never had any liking for the match, though I did not suspect Tyndale of such dishonorable conduct as he was plainly guilty of.”

So it happened that Mr. Middleton came back alone to Rosland—a fact which was a relief to every one concerned. “It is as well that Carl has gone,” Mrs. Middleton said, “though it is hard that he should be forced to go.” Then she added, bitterly: “Having given as much trouble as possible in every other way, Miss Desmond is determined to cause any amount of unpleasant talk by leaving us immediately after—after all that has taken place to-day.”

“Is she going away?” said Mr. Middleton. Men usually think less of “unpleasant talk,” than women do, and he was honestly relieved by this news. “She has brought trouble enough in her train,” he said. “Perhaps she may leave us a little peace when she goes. I think it is a sensible resolution, Mildred.”

“It is a resolution which shows that she holds her name very lightly—but then, her whole conduct has proved that,” said Mrs. Middleton. “One could expect nothing else from her rearing, I suppose; but it is hard on Leslie—very hard.”

“My dear,” said her husband, with unvoiced gravity, “does it occur to you to remember that her coming, and every thing connected with it, has been Leslie’s fault? Do you recollect that morning—last May, was it?—when we tried to dissuade her from such a step, and warned her of the ill consequences that might result? I cannot forget that, if she had listened to reason and advice, none of all this would have occurred.”

“I am sure it was very natural and very generous of her to desire such a thing,” said Mrs. Middleton, who was in arms for her darling instantly. “Though I tried to dissuade her, I knew that, and felt that it was natural, at the time. But there was no excuse for Arthur Tyndale—none! Not any more than for this Bohemian girl!”

“I am half afraid that this Bohemian girl, as you call her, may end by marrying Carl at last,” said Mr. Middleton, uneasily. “It would be an awful blow if she did, and for that reason I am glad to hear of her intended departure. The sooner she goes the better, Mildred—you may be sure of that! What does a little gossip, more or less, matter in comparison with serious mischief; and I

tell you that woman is made to work mischief wherever she goes!”

In view of this emphatic opinion, Mrs. Middleton made little further effort to detain Norah. Not that any effort would have mattered, or changed the girl’s resolution. She felt too plainly the coldness and suspicion which surrounded her, to be able to endure such an atmosphere any longer. Besides which, there was a reason of her own—a private reason—in the background which impelled her to go. More than ever she congratulated herself upon having insisted upon being supplied with money enough for such an emergency. “I may not be able to endure these people for a day,” she had said to her father. “I will not go unless you give me the means to return immediately, if I choose to do so.” And he, after much demur, was obliged to comply with this demand, though he cherished a warm hope that, instead of coming back immediately, Norah might be going to make or win her fortune. Norah thought rather grimly of those hopes and anticipations, as she packed her trunk. They would have a downfall indeed, when she walked, penniless, in upon her father and Kate, in the shabby Dublin lodgings, which she knew so well.

She was nervously anxious to be off, however; and insisted upon leaving as soon as luncheon was over, though Mr. Middleton assured her that the train was not due in Wexford until four o’clock. “It is better to be too early than too late!” she said; and, when the carriage came to the door, she went at once to Leslie’s room to say farewell. This had been something from which she shrank—with reason. It was bitterly painful on both sides—so painful, that it was short and almost speechless. “This is not the end, Norah,” Leslie whispered, with pale, quivering lips. “It certainly cannot be the end of all I hoped—wished—planned. Some day we must meet again. Promise me that.”

“I see no hope of it now,” Norah answered. “But if ever there is hope, dear, I promise!”

And so they parted,

When Norah came down-stairs, she found Mrs. Sandford in the hall with Mrs. Middleton. The costume of the former was a work of art, expressing chastened regret in the most charming and becoming manner. She was not one of the class of people who wear black dresses to weddings, or gay ribbons at a funeral; it was a point of pride with her to be always dressed according to the occasion, and, since she was in a house of mourning, she dressed, if not exactly in mourning, at least in sympathy with mourning. It must have been a very dull person who would not have appreciated at a glance the exquisite sentiment displayed in her attire. Her dress of black grenadine was relieved by soft white frills of illusion, and, instead of a jeweled pendant with a chain like a cable, a plain gold cross on a band of black velvet showed to great advantage the white roundness of her throat. She came forward after Mrs. Middleton had taken leave of Norah—with an heroic effort to appear cordial—and held out her pretty, white hands, bound

with jet bands (also for sympathy) at the wrists.

"I am so sorry that you are going, Miss Desmond," she said—her blue eyes wide open, her dark (penciled) eyebrows arched—"but we must part good friends—I insist upon that! You must forgive all the unlucky mistakes I have made, one way or another, and, if you ever come back to America, I shall be so glad to see you at my house in Alton."

"You are very good," said Norah, in a tone compounded equally of coldness and scorn, "but it is not at all likely that I shall ever come back to America" (this was what Mrs. Sandford had specially desired to learn), "I am willing to shake hands, however, and wish you much health and happiness, if that is what you mean by parting good friends."

"Oh, I mean more, much more than that," said Mrs. Sandford, with effusion; and before the girl could draw back, she had leaned forward and kissed her. "Have you no message for Captain Tyndale?" she asked then, with the pleasure which she felt springing, whether she would or no, into her eyes. "Surely you are not going away without leaving a word for him—after your bravery in his behalf, too! I assure you that I shall be very glad to deliver any message."

"I have nothing with which to trouble you," said Norah, even more coldly than before. She drew down her veil, and turned to Mr. Middleton. "I am ready," she said.

He put her into the carriage, and followed himself. To do him justice, he would willingly have gone with her to Alton, or even to the seaboard, if Arthur Tyndale's funeral had not interfered. But his first duty, as he said to his wife, was there. He had told Miss Desmond that, if she would defer her departure for twenty-four hours, he would accompany her; but this offer Miss Desmond declined. There was nothing for him to do, therefore, but to take her to Wexford, see her safely on the train, and telegraph to a friend in Alton to meet her at that point and see that she was safely started with a through-ticket for New York.

Not more than half an hour after the carriage had rolled away, Mrs. Sandford was sitting on the veranda alone—feeling very much depressed, exceedingly bored, and a little inclined to regret that she had not borne Miss Desmond company as far as Alton. The only thing which kept her at Rosland now was the consideration of Max. She was not likely to forget that his cousin's death made him owner of Strafford, and much more besides—elevating him from a fair subject for flirtation to a very good *parti*. The fancy which she had entertained for him all the time, she now felt could very readily become more than a fancy, in the light of this great good fortune. He was one of the few men whom she had ever met who was thoroughly indifferent to her, and for that reason, more than any other, perhaps, she had bent, and was prepared yet to bend, all her energies to his subjugation. She was thinking of him as she sat under the green shade of the vines, in a low, luxurious chair—as bewitching a picture (stained eyebrows and powdered complexion thrown in!) as a man could ask to see even on that golden summer afternoon.

But Max Tyndale was not thinking of bewitching pictures, or caring to see them, as he crossed the lawn where he had last been on the night of the dinner-party, and ascended the veranda-steps on which he had parted with Leslie when he went in search of Arthur. These things haunted him, together with the dead face he had left behind at Strafford, and, though it was impossible for him not to desire to meet Norah, he was able to say honestly that he had not come to Rosland for that purpose. He wanted to see Mr. Middleton with regard to some of the final arrangements which had been left undecided, and he also wanted to escape from Strafford and the intolerable gossips who filled it. Nothing was further from his wishes, however, than to meet Mrs. Sandford, and so he started, and did not look particularly pleased, when that fair widow rose out of the green nook and waylaid him, with extended hands.

"Ah," she said, with a faltering voice, "how can I tell you how glad I am to see you!"

"Thanks—you are very kind," said Max, taking one of the hands—he could not have conveniently taken the other also, unless he had dropped his hat on the floor—and giving it a nonchalant, indifferent shake which irritated its owner very much. Then it occurred to him that he ought to say that he was glad to see her, but, since this would have been stretching the truth to a really alarming extent, he asked, instead, how she was.

"Oh, thank you, quite well," she said—for she was very much piqued—"I have not been well," she added, on second thought, "but I am better to-day—at least this afternoon. O Captain Tyndale!"—a delicately worked and scented handkerchief went to her eyes—"when I think of all that has occurred since I saw you last, I—oh, I wonder how we have all lived through it!"

"We can live through a great deal," said Max, knitting his straight, dark brows a little. It is hard to say how this woman's artificial words and tones jarred on him—how he shrank from hearing her touch with any shallow, ready-made platitudes the subject of that tragedy which had been so awfully real. "How is Miss Grahame?" he asked. "It must have been a terrible ordeal to her."

"Leslie bears it better than might have been expected," said Mrs. Sandford; "much better, I am sure, than I could have done. She seems almost like herself to-day—though her sister's departure was quite a shock to her."

"I suppose you mean her going to Wexford this morning," said he. "It was a shock to me—that is, I deeply regretted it—but it was so bravely and unconsciously done!"

"Excuse me," interrupted his listener, rather sharply, "I meant what I said—her departure—I see that you are not aware that she has left Rosland."

He started, and looked at her keenly. "Do you mean that Miss Desmond has left Rosland?" he said. "Where is she going?"

"She left half an hour ago. I think, as well as I understood, that she is going to Ireland. Of course it is very natural that she cannot stay here after the *exposé* which has—Good Gracious, Captain Tyndale! What is the matter? What are you going to do?"

"I am going to Wexford in order to see Miss Desmond before she leaves," he answered, turning quickly away. "It is"—glancing at his watch—"only half-past three. The Alton train is not due, I think I was told, until four. That gives me time enough to reach there."

"You are really very devoted," said Mrs. Sandford, sarcastically. "But you must pardon me if I say that I doubt whether Miss Desmond will be very glad to see you. At least, I asked her *expressly* if she would not leave a word or a message for you, and she answered as coldly and curtly as possible that she had nothing to say."

"I am unlike her, then," said he, quietly, "for I have a great deal to say, and I am sure you will excuse me if I go at once, in order to be able to say it."

He then made no further apology, but went with all haste to the stable where, much to the ostler's astonishment, he ordered out the best saddle-horse. Five minutes later, he was galloping out of the gates of Rosland.

Mrs. Sandford watched him, with bitter, angry eyes, from the veranda. She knew now that all was over, and the realization cost her a very sharp pang. It was a pang in which wounded vanity played a greater part than wounded feeling; but it was none the less hard to bear on that account. A lacerated *amour-propre* is almost as painful as a lacerated heart, though it is a very strong point in its favor that it can be cured more readily. She went into the house after the rider disappeared from sight, and told her maid to pack her trunk. "This time to-morrow I shall go back to Alton," she said—which was her way of beginning a cure.

Max, the while, galloped, without drawing rein, into Wexford, and, disregarding the many curious glances cast on him, did not pause until he found himself before the railroad-station. The train was already there, had been there for some minutes, a longer told him. It was evident that he would not have time for more than a word with Norah, but even a word was worth much, and his eagerness for it increased with the apparent hopelessness of gaining it. He sprang off his horse, and, throwing the rein with a quick, "Pray, oblige me!" to the man who had given the information, hurried along the platform to the cars. As he came in sight of them, the engine suddenly gave its warning shriek of departure—at the same moment he saw Mr. Middleton shake hands quickly with a veiled lady who sat by one of the open windows—the next instant, with a rumble and clang of machinery the long train started into motion and sped swiftly out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Fair, and kind, and gentle one!
Do not morn and stars and flowers,
Pay that homage to their sun,
That we pay to ours!"

"Sun of mine, that art so dear—
Sun that art above all sorrow!
Shine, I pray thee, on me here
Till the eternal morrow!"

On the deck of the Cunard steamer, outward bound from New York on the Saturday

following Miss Desmond's departure from Rosland, there was all the hurry, bustle, and confusion, the shaking hands of friends, the kisses of relations, the tears and laughter, the good wishes, the waving handkerchiefs, the brass-bound trunks and general *boulevancement* common to such occasions. In the midst of it, a young lady who had come unattended on board, walked across the deck, and, taking her position on the side which overlooked the water, not the wharf, quietly turned her back upon all the commotion. There is nothing in the world, perhaps, more forlorn than to be alone in such a scene, to have no farewells to give or receive, no friends to hope that you may have a pleasant voyage, no hand to clasp, no good wishes to exchange. But to such a feeling of isolation, Norah Desmond had long since grown accustomed. If she felt it a little now—if she was drearily conscious of her loneliness amid all the eager, chattering crowd—no one would ever have thought so, as she stood by the taffrail in all the grace of her self-possessed bearing, with her beautiful, clear-cut face turned seaward, as if she drank in the salt breeze coming so freshly from the wide, liquid plain which lay far off. The attention of every one else being turned toward the city they were leaving, she was almost alone on this side of the deck; and, as she watched with wistful eyes the distant horizon line, her mind left her present surroundings to go back upon all that had occurred—the events which had followed each other so fast—since she landed here so short a time before. How short a time it had been!—and yet how much had happened! Norah could scarcely realize how much. “ Yet the end of it all is that I am going back to the old, weary life of vagabondage! ” she thought, with something between a sigh and a sob. It was a quick, nervous sound in her throat, more significant of emotion than a hundred undisguised sobs could have been.

But Bohemia teaches her children a better philosophy than that of mourning over any milk, spilt or otherwise. The old defiant light came back to Norah's eyes in a minute, the old defiant compression to her lips. “ It is the life to which I was born, ” she thought. “ What right have I to expect any other? What is the sense of regretting that which is past?—what is the sense of repining about that which is to come? The day is bright, and the sea is smooth, and I—well, I am young. When one has youth, one has—or ought to have—hope. The great world of the Possible is all before me; and yet—and yet! ”

Her head drooped a little. Was it a tear that dropped into the briny, discolored water below? Just then Bohemia might have hesitated to own her child; and just then a tall man, with long, dark mustaches and keen dark eyes, who had been making his way in a very inquisitive manner among the thronging crowd on the other side of the deck, hurried over to this side and looked around. He had been the last passenger to come up the ship's side, and as he stood there now, with a wrap hanging carelessly across his arm, there was a jaded look on his face, as if he had traveled long and far. It was only a second that he hesitated. The next instant

he caught sight of the stately, graceful figure which he knew so well, and a few quick steps took him to Norah's side.

“ How glad I am to find you! ” he said, breathlessly. “ I was almost afraid that there might be some mistake! —that you might not be on board! ”

“ Captain Tyndale! ” exclaimed Norah. She turned upon him pale, astonished, quivering from head to foot. “ How is this? How did you come here? ”

“ By rail most of the way, ” he answered, smiling. It was such a pleasure to see her again—to meet her frank eyes, to hear her sweet voice—that it is likely he would have smiled if he had been going to execution the next minute. “ Did you not know that I was going to cross in this steamer? ” he asked, with an admirable assumption of nonchalance. “ If I had not been just one minute too late in reaching Wexford the day you left—thanks to Mrs. Sandford, who detained me to hear that you had refused to leave me even a message of common farewell—I should have told you so. ”

“ You—is it possible you are going to cross? ” said Norah, incredulously. “ I did not think that you would go abroad again—that is, so soon. ”

“ May I ask, why not? ”

“ Because—she blushed and hesitated—because you have inherited your cousin's fortune, have you not? ”

“ I believe people suppose that I have, ” he answered, carelessly, “ but I have not taken time to ascertain whether they are right or wrong. There was something nearer my heart, and of much more importance to me than a hundred inheritances could be, ” he added, quickly. “ Norah—can you not guess what that was? ”

“ You have become very familiar since we parted, Captain Tyndale, ” said Norah, who was herself again by this time. “ No, I cannot guess in the least what it was, unless you mean to resign your commission in the French army. But, you should have taken a French steamer, should you not? ” This will land you at Liverpool, unless you land en passant, as I shall do, at Queenstown. ”

“ I should have taken no other steamer than the one on which you sailed, ” he answered. “ As for my commission, I have not thought of it any more than of my probable inheritance. You know as well as I do, ” he said, breaking off suddenly, in a quick, short, passionate voice, “ that I have thought only of you! ”

“ Of me! ” ejaculated Norah, scarcely knowing what she said. Her heart was beating and thrilling as it had not beat or thrilled on that summer evening at Baden, when Arthur Tyndale told his love, or on that autumn evening at Coblenz, when he said good-by. What she felt then had been flattered fancy, girlish romance, any thing but this strange feeling, which seemed to take away all her graceful readiness of speech, and leave her as silent and abashed as any convent-bred girl.

“ Yes, of you, ” said Max, growing bolder, as he saw the white lids sink over her eyes, and the clear carmine come into her cheeks as he had fancied one day at Rosland that he should like to make it come. “ Did I not tell

you when we parted in Wexford, after you had borne so much for me, that I should see you very soon again—and did you think that I would let such trifles as time and space stand between you and the expression of my gratitude? ”

“ Spare me the expression of your gratitude, Captain Tyndale, ” said she, almost impatiently. “ I have no claim on it—no desire for it. I did a very plain and simple act of duty—nothing more! If there is any gratitude necessary in the matter, it is I who owe it to you. It was you who were willing to endure more than I like to remember for me! ”

“ And did you not think—did no instinct tell you—what a happiness it was to me to endure any thing for you? ” said he. “ Did you not guess that much at least of the truth? ”

“ No, ” said she—and her voice trembled. “ How could I guess it? How could I think that I was any thing to you but a girl whom your cousin had narrowly escaped making a fool of himself by marrying? ”

“ If you were even that to me, ” said he, “ it was so long ago, that it seems swept into the dimness of memory. What you have been to me of late, I scarcely know how to tell you without making you think that I have gone wild with the extravagance of passion. ”

“ I can scarcely fancy that, ” said she, turning her face seaward again. The steamer was out of the docks by this time, and a fresh breeze met them—a breeze to make the heart leap up with the spirit of its gladness. It deepened the flush on Norah's cheek, and waved back the short fringe of her chestnut hair, showing the fair, candid brow which has been the policy of fashion to conceal as much as possible for some time past. She looked more like a beautiful princess than ever, Max thought, and the doubts and fears which had borne him company on all the long journey from Alton, came back upon him now with sudden force. After all, would his heart prove any thing more than a new plaything to this fair Bohemian, this woman who had jarred upon and disgusted him, and yet whom he could no more help loving than the earth could refuse to put forth bud and leaf and flower at the bidding of the sun? He could not tell—it was likely enough; and yet, for good or ill, his heart was hers. He knew that now. Standing beside her, trying vainly to read the riddle of her averted face, he felt that he would freely sign away every other good gift of life, if only he might claim and possess this one for his own. At last, out of very impatience, he broke the silence which had lasted between them for some time.

“ We are off! ” he said. “ We are on the sea together, you and I! Norah, you have not told me yet—are you glad or sorry that I came? ”

“ Is it necessary for me to be either? ” asked she, with a slight cadence of laughter in her tone. After all, a man is deaf as well as blind when he is in love, or Max would have known every thing from that tone.

“ You must be one or the other, ” said he. “ I am your only acquaintance on board, am I not? In that case you will have to see so much of me that you must be either glad or sorry that I came. ”

"In that case, I suppose I am not sorry," said she, smiling. "It is rather dull being quite alone, though I ought to be used to it by this time, and then I always manage to make acquaintance, or, to put it more correctly, people manage to make my acquaintance."

"I hope you will not let any of these people make your acquaintance, for I am selfish enough to want your society all to myself until we reach Queenstown."

"But can you not imagine that I might like a little variety?" asked she, laughing again. "I might not want your society all the time until we reach Queenstown!"

"That is very true. I should have thought of that, perhaps. Will you promise, then, to take as much of me as you want, and to dismiss me without ceremony when you do not want me?"

"I am not sure that I should not dismiss you at once," said she, turning her bright, fearless eyes upon him. "I have had more than enough of 'blarney' in my life—you can imagine that, perhaps—and my head ought to be steady enough to stand any amount of it by this time; but I am really afraid of the effect of your blarney for nine days at sea. Now, that is a compliment for you," she ended, with a smile that was rather forced.

"I shall go back with the pilot if you say so," he answered, quietly—but his face grew paler as he spoke. "You know why I have come," he went on, after a short pause. "I only waited at Strafford, as I was in duty bound to do, until poor Arthur's funeral was over. Then I followed you, without pause or rest, as fast as steam could bring me, in order to say, face to face, that I love you: in order to ask you to be my wife. Norah"—with a passionate cadence in his voice—"you cannot imagine half how well I love you! Norah, will you not be my wife?"

Only the simple words as they rose out of his heart to his lips. No eloquence—no attempt at eloquence. Indeed, men rarely use fine phrases when they are in such deep earnest as Max Tyndale was then; and he on his part felt the suspense too sharply not to desire to end it at once. But it was not ended as far as any word from Norah Desmond was concerned. She turned her face from him quickly—almost abruptly—and gazed seaward again. Yet, as she gazed, a mist came over her sight, obscuring all the green beauty of the waves, and her heart seemed beating in her throat. It was not altogether her fault that she was silent; she tried to speak, and failed to utter a word. So, after a minute, Max went on:

"Norah, is there no hope for me? I suppose I am mad to come to you like this—mad to think that you, who have known so many men, could learn to love me—but I could not bear to leave any chance untried. I could not bear to burden my life with the haunting regret of thinking that I might, perhaps, have won you if I had only spoken in time. I thought it better to risk every thing on a single stake, and rise up—winner or loser for life. Norah—which is it to be?"

"How can you speak to me like this?" said she, turning upon him passionately.

"You know you do not love me—or, if you do, it is merely after a fashion, for my pretty face! You do not care for me as—as you care for Leslie! You are enough of a gentleman to have showed me more respect than any one ever did before—for which, to my dying day, I shall never, never forget you! But, in your heart you hold me in the colors Arthur Tyndale painted me. You think me fast—Bohemian, bizarre—"

She paused abruptly, or, to speak more correctly, he interrupted her by taking into his possession the hand lying on the taffrail.

"Do not wrong yourself and me by such words as these!" he said. "I think of you as I think of the sun which is giving life to the world. You are my sun—the only one thing which can give light and fragrance to my life. Not care for you as I care for Leslie Grahame! My darling, are you blind? Leslie Grahame is nothing to me, and you are every thing—every thing, Norah! What I may once have thought of you—in what colors poor Arthur may once have painted you—has passed from me as absolutely as if it had never been. I can neither ask nor desire any change in you as I know you and love you now!"

She looked up at him with tears, which she did not try to conceal, shining in her eyes. A new beauty—a beauty full of the most exquisite softness—came over her face. It was the happy content of the child mingled with the tender joy of the woman.

"Are you in earnest?" she said. "Do you really think all this of me? It is very good of you, but you are wrong—quite wrong. I am full of faults which will shock you and jar upon you. Think what my life has been! You cannot tell—you cannot even guess—half that I have gone through!"

"You shall never go through any more—never so long as God gives me power to shield you!" he said. Then he covered her hand eagerly in both his own. "You have not told me yet whether I must go back with the pilot or not," he said. "Norah, my darling, must I go or stay?"

And Norah's eyes as well as Norah's lips answered—

"Stay!"

THE END.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER X.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The path went on over the damp grass, shadowed by groups of trees. As I looked up at them, there was no escape from the all-pervading green atmosphere. In front of the river I saw the little cottage of the concierge, and this also had green doors and green shutters, in staring contrast to its whitewashed walls.

My path lost itself presently in the thick grass; on the right I saw another track dis-

appearing round the densely-wooded hill, which rose perpendicularly in front of me; on the left was the same steep hill, but there were no trees; it was grassed up to the summit.

I remembered how the path through the trees had turned and twisted last night, and I thought the steep, straight climb would be quickest; but I had not realized its steepness. It took me a long time to climb, and I was breathless by the time I reached the top.

Mathieu stood on the terrace, on the lookout.

"Mamzelle, breakfast waits." He said this in his shrillest voice, and suddenly vanished.

"Mathieu," I shrieked, in a despairing voice; "but where is the breakfast?"

I expected that Captain Brand would have followed me closely, and I want to be safe under that dear old abbé's wing before he appears. I know I can make that dear gentleman do all I want.

But Mathieu is either deaf or shy.

I run up the steps; the hall is not large and gloomy this morning. There are three doors, one in front, and one on each side. I choose that on the left.

I find myself in a long, dark passage, with gratings on one side.

"How horribly damp this house is!" I draw back out of the close atmosphere into the hall again.

Outside, with the comte, was joyous freedom; inside, the house seems a dungeon.

"If the weather could always be warm, and we could live the whole day in the sunshine, how bright life would be!"

Just then Rosalie comes out of the door I had opened.

"Tiens, tiens, tiens, we could not tell what had become of mademoiselle, and here is Monsieur l'Abbé, who breakfasts alone; does not mademoiselle wish to breakfast?"

"Yes; but I do not know my way."

Rosalie only shrugs her shoulders. She seems always resolved to put me in the wrong. She throws open the door in front; this also leads into a passage, but a wide, airy one; she opens some double doors at the end, and here is the *salle*.

It is a grand room as to size, with windows down to the ground on one side, screened with muslin curtains; there is a huge fireplace at each end. Only a small part of the long, narrow table is covered by a cloth; there is no tea or coffee, only wine in two old, quaint flagons, and some glasses with twisted stems and spiral-curving bells; there are two dishes on the table, besides fruit and cheese. It seems to me more like luncheon than breakfast.

The abbé rises from table as I come in.

"Ah, my dear young lady, I am glad you are come at last; these sand-eels are spoiling, and I do not think you have sand-eels in Australia. We very seldom get them here at this time of year." He lifts the cover of a dish near him, and I see something very like fried worms lying in a heap.

"I am sorry to be so late, monsieur; but I have been in the garden, and I have been in the boat with Monsieur de Vancresson." I want to tell him myself, and I blush.

But the abbé is carving a *vol-au-vent*, he is not looking at me.

"I honor your industry and courage," he says, simply; "I am sure my pupil has had pleasure in showing you the beauties of Château Fontaine."

"What a dear old man he is! He thinks there is no harm in my amusing myself with a boy of twenty."

I eat my breakfast, and chat with the abbé; he has been a great traveler, and his remarks about England and English people amuse me extremely.

"But you are on your way to one of the loveliest English counties," he says.

I look up in surprise. I am on the point of saying, I prefer to remain at Château Fontaine, when in comes Captain Brand.

I understand now; he has seen the abbé already this morning, for he seats himself in silence, with a very gloomy look on his face.

It is he who is the dungeon, not the house. I felt happy and cheerful alone with the abbé; now it is all restraint and dullness.

But I begin to remember that this cannot last long. Captain Brand will be going away in two days perhaps, so I may as well be civil to him. I always like to keep friends with every one, and he cannot help having a dull nature.

I rouse up from my thoughts; he is talking to the abbé.

"Yes, I fancy by the day after to-morrow Miss Stewart will have recovered from her fatigue." I look at him with wondering eyes, and then at the abbé.

"I shall write to my sister to-day"—the abbé smiles at me—"and prepare her to receive her charming visitor."

I must speak now at once; of course I have only to say I wish to stay at Château Fontaine, and the abbé will be too pleased to keep me here.

"But, monsieur, if it is not inconvenient to you, I prefer to stay here till Madame La Peyre comes back."

I smile up into the abbé's eyes. I have remarked that when I smile like that I usually get my own way. I wonder why I cannot smile at Captain Brand in the same way—I can't; one might as well try to light a fire with wet wood.

The abbé's face puckers up till he looks quite droll, his eyebrows rise in the middle, and his mouth comes down, and then he shakes his head gravely and smiles at Captain Brand. I am not going to look at the captain; I know what he looks like well enough.

"Have I said any thing strange?" I say, for the abbé's smile disheartens me.

"Mademoiselle is always charming, and I regret much to lose her"—he bows to me as if I were the queen—"but it is better she should go to Madame La Peyre."

"Of course there is nothing else to be done." Captain Brand says this in the stiffest, harshest way.

I do not know how to resist; the abbé does not ask me to stay, and yet how can I leave my friend Eugène without a struggle?

I turn my back on the captain. I want the abbé to see that I am not under the control of any one.

"I am so tired of traveling!" I look beseechingly. "I so hoped I might stay here!"

The abbé shrugs his shoulders very slightly, but he keeps on smiling. It appears to me that all French people shrug their shoulders when they say disagreeable things.

"It would be delightful if you could remain," he said, "but, my dear young lady, I should not dare, in my sister's absence, to undertake so precious a charge. I hope Madame Dayrell's illness may soon yield to nursing, and then we shall see you all back here again."

"Shall you be here when we come?" I can hardly speak; tears come into my eyes, but I will not let Captain Brand see them—he is looking at me. It is strange how strong a dislike I feel for him this morning.

"That is uncertain, but still it is possible. Mademoiselle, if you will not eat any more breakfast, I will take you to a pleasant room."

I am just going to say I prefer the garden, and then I remember my letter to my father; yes, I will write that letter at once. I will tell him how much I dislike Captain Brand, and what an inferior person he is, and then I am sure my father will send for me home.

"Thank you," I say to the abbé, and then I follow up-stairs. It is some comfort that Captain Brand has the sense to stay behind. He sees I do not want him; I shall have far too much of his society on our journey to Devonshire.

The abbé throws open the door of the room we were in last night, and I feel happier.

Eugène must come back to his lessons presently; he left all his papers about, and his room leads out of this one.

The abbé bustles about; he opens a most quaint, old-fashioned square piano, which I had not before noticed. He produces some dingy-looking books from a recess full of shelves, and then he asks me how I mean to employ my morning.

"I am going to write a letter to my father, monsieur." I do not know what caused it, but such a lonely sense of desolation comes to me, that I begin to cry.

"My dear child! my poor, dear child!"—the kind old man lays his hand on my head. "What is your grief? Ah, it is sad at your age to be thrown among strangers!—but you will be happy with my sister."

I take his hand and kiss it.

I fancy this surprises him, for he goes off to the other end of the room.

He comes back after a bit with a china inkstand and two old pens, and a writing portfolio, and then he departs, after asking me if I have all I want. Ah, how delightful is a courteous manner!

I look at the door of Eugène's study, and then I dry my eyes.

I shall not open that door; Eugène can easily find me if he wants me. I sit down to write, but I give abundant signs of my presence by coughing and scraping my chair backward and forward on the waxed floor.

I fancied it would be so easy to write this letter to my father, but I cannot manage it. I have begun, and then my pen gets thick—

or perhaps it may be the ink. I sit turning all my *œ's* into Greek *ε's* to gain time. I have still a trick of doing this when my ideas do not flow readily. It is so startling to see the words written down: "I am married to Captain Brand;" it makes my marriage a fact, and all this time I have considered it as only an idea, which can be set aside. Well, but what makes people man and wife? Going to church and being married. I did not go to church; this is a comforting thought. I do not think a marriage in a room or on board ship can be as binding as a marriage in church. Ah, but kings and queens are often married in rooms. I think—I am afraid there is something in the service which makes it binding.

I hardly remember the service. I jump up and get a prayer-book, and then remember I am in France. I have a prayer-book with me, but only a little one, without any of those unnecessary services in it. I wish there had been no big prayer-book on board the *Adelaide*, and then this miserable marriage would not have happened. Well, suppose that I am really married, people can get divorced, I know that—but then I fancy they must both be consenting parties. I don't believe Captain Brand will ever consent. My best chance against him is to get papa to send for me; even Captain Brand will be afraid of papa; he will be quite cowed when papa writes and rebukes him for the base advantage he took of my mother's illness. Yes, it was true Captain Brand is kind in some ways, but he was horribly selfish to marry me—it is most unjust and tyrannical that he should dislike to see me happy with other people. I remark that each time I have tried to shake off my sorrow, and seem bright and gay, he has frowned and has been cross. I never shall be happy with him, I can tell him, and I never mean to try to be. I would not live with him if there were no one else in the world.

No, it just comes back to the same thing—is my marriage a fact or an idea?—I do not care. Nothing shall ever make me look on Captain Brand as my husband. I will not quarrel with him, because I believe he can be very severe—a tyrant, in fact—if he chooses; but I am determined not to have any more private talks and explanations with him. I will be always cold and civil; if I keep to this, he will soon dislike me. It is troublesome to have to do it. It makes me feel unnatural; but for the marriage, I could not keep it up, but when I think of that it is easy enough.

I have laid down my pen during these reflections, and I really must write this letter. I leave off again to read what I have written. I have told papa all this story exactly as it happened, and I feel stricken dumb—hushed out of all my expressions of dislike. What agony it will cost papa to read the news I have told him! What a trifling, heartless girl I have been to be able to think of myself so much, to care even whether I am amused or dull, so soon after I lost her; and yet I feel as if I have never yet realized my grief, as if, when at last I find myself in a quiet home again, it will all come to me more really than it can come while I am so tossed about among strangers.

I have finished my letter, and I read it once again. I have not made my dislikes to Captain Brand strong enough, but it is very difficult to do this. I am obliged to tell how much she liked and trusted him, and, somehow, I cannot write the hard words I want when I think over all she said of Captain Brand. At last the door opens. I start up, but it is only the abbé.

"No vous dérangez pas." He holds up his hand, and passes on toward Eugène's study. I lean back in my chair, but I cannot hear voices. Suddenly, I hear the key turn in the lock, but the abbé does not reappear.

I sit waiting and waiting. I scribble over the blotting-paper till it is spoiled. The abbé went in to give Eugène his lesson, but how silently he gives it!

I have folded my letter and sealed it; I want something to do. There is so little to look at in this great, bare room; I never care much for reading, and I am sure that piano-forte is out of tune.

I look at the books with which the abbé has provided me—Shakespeare, so yellow inside that it is almost illegible, "Rasselas," and "The Vicar of Wakefield." These last two have gilt edges, and I abhor gilt edges; they only go with dull books or silly ones.

I have not looked out of these windows yet; they face the terrace, and—why, how did he get out?—there is the abbé going down the green slope with Captain Brand. He cannot have gone down by the turning staircase, that would have taken him to the back of the house; besides, I saw the come lock the door and put the key in his pocket. If Eugène is not engaged with the abbé, he surely might come to me.

If I go out I may miss him, and I want to tell him about this dreadful journey. It is so nice to feel he is my friend—he is sure to take my part; he would not think me wrong, as Captain Brand does. No one ever thought me wrong before. I believe that man would like to lecture me all day long. I wish I dared open that study-door; but I am a great coward sometimes.

I smile at my next idea, but I act upon it. I may as well try whether the quaint old piano is in tune or not—the only in-door pursuit I like is singing; I could sing all day for the actual love I have for it.

I don't know many songs, but I love one which my mother never liked to hear me sing. She used to say that it suited my voice, but it did not suit my character. It is a kind of a wail all through, with "sad and weary, lone and dreary," coming at the end of each verse.

I feel it so much to-day; I am so lone and dreary, now she has gone from me, that, as I end the song, I burst into sobs and tears.

"Ah! what a dismal, wretched life to live alone for ever so long—for it is being quite alone not to be with person one loves."

Some one has come into the room. I dry my eyes quickly, and I keep my head turned away. It is Eugène, and he comes up to me. I feel sure it is he, but I cannot turn round.

"Mademoiselle must not sing such sad songs—her song should be like the lark's, full of joy and upspringing brightness."

I forget my red eyes—I turn round pouting.

"I thought you were my friend, and you talk to me of brightness, when you might have guessed I had a reason for being dull."

He looks unhappy in an instant—I nearly laugh out from contradiction.

"I see that you are really in sorrow, my friend"—he is so kind and tender that I am comforted. "Won't you tell me about it, Gertrude?"

He drags one of those heavy chairs close to where I sit, and rests his elbow on the piano.

I am quite happy in remembering that those two are safe at the bottom of the hill.

"Have you not heard, then?" I look at him, and I suppose all my misery shows in my eyes—for he speaks sadly again.

"No, I heard nothing. I felt unwilling to follow your guardian this morning; he is, I think, a rude person; and, when I came in from riding, both he and the abbé were absent."

"Then you do not know that I am to take another long journey to find Madame La Peyre?"

He starts up and looks very angry.

"No, I have not heard this, and you shall not go. I ask you, Gertrude, how can this man take you away against your will?"

He looks at me so keenly, with such glowing eyes, that my eyes droop.

"It is not so much that I am taken away as that your abbé does not ask me to remain."

He looks delighted.

"Oh, if that is all, it can be arranged; my friend the abbé refuses me nothing."

I shake my head.

"Ah, but he will refuse you this, and"—I feel compelled to give some reason for Captain Brand's interference—"this person with whom I travel received a charge from my mother to place me with Madame La Peyre himself; so he feels anxious to see me with her. There is no help; I must go."

I look up again—his eyes are full of reproach.

"And you do not care to stay! It is true—that which I hear of you English, you are all cold alike. Only just now you promised to be my friend, and to stay here with me, and you are now resigned to leave me."

He turned away, and walked up and down the room. He looks so handsome and dignified. I am so unhappy to have displeased him.

I sit still, feeling as if my heart was growing big enough to choke me.

Why do I dread so much to leave him? I do not know. I only feel that, if he turns against me, my heart must burst, it aches so sorely. He looks so tall and manlike—he strides up and down with such long steps—I believe I am afraid of him.

But I cannot bear it. I cannot sit here and let Eugène be miserable, thinking I do not care for him, when I do care for him so much!

"Eugène"—I say it very timidly, and he stops in his walk—

"Eh bien—what is it?"

"It is you who are cold"—these hot tears start out and blind me; "can you not see that I am unhappy? and, instead of being sorry for me, you only scold and frighten me."

And then I hide my face, and my heart-ache breaks forth in convulsive sobs.

Eugène comes close to me directly—he takes my hands from my face, and holds them and kisses them, and then he puts his arm round me, and I cry comfortably on his shoulder. I feel very timid; but I am not afraid now, for he is not angry.

"My dear little one, my sweet Gertrude," he whispers, "come into the study, we shall be better there."

He goes to open the door—it is locked. He turns round and looks at me.

"This is extraordinary. I did not even know there was a key."

"The abbé went in there just now"—and then I stop and blush—I begin to see that the abbé has locked the door to separate me from his pupil.

Eugène comes back to me, but the charm is broken—I draw myself away when he comes so close.

"Let us go into the garden, you know I have still to see the other side of the river."

"As you please," and he looks vexed.

I followed him slowly down the great staircase. I feel fonder of him than ever, and yet I have grown shy again, and I wish he had not put his arm round me. I am not angry with him, but still I am troubled; I do not feel the same happy freedom I felt in the morning—and I begin to wonder what I should do to prevent him from again comforting me in this way.

I suppose in France friends are more affectionate than we English are, and yet how can I tell? I never had a boy friend before, and girl friends—I have seen them—walk about with arms round one another's waists; still, I hope Eugène won't do it again, it makes me so uncomfortable.

When we reach the top of the double flight of steps, we see Captain Brand and the abbé on the terrace.

Eugène muttered a strange-sounding word, and then, instead of going down the steps to the garden, he comes back and stands beside me in the door-way.

I look down into the two faces at the foot of the steps. I see the stern-set expression in Captain Brand's eyes, and I harden myself yet more against him. Oh! it is too cruel, in the midst of all my sorrow and loneliness, just when a little gleam of brightness has visited me, that he should grudge it me. The abbé's face is twitching and puckering in the most singular fashion.

Eugène gives them no time to speak. "Monsieur l'Abbé, it is not true, is it, that you have consented to allow this young lady to depart from Château Fontaine even before she has reposed herself?"

A deep, red flush comes on Captain Brand's face. I feel frightened, so I look away, and hold myself as erect as possible. The abbé smiles, and fondles his smooth chin with one hand.

"I have no choice, my son; mademoiselle is not confined to me, but to madame, my sister, and I may not interfere with her claims."

He raises his other hand—to show that the subject is dismissed—but Eugène runs down the steps, passes his arm through the abbé's, and drags him along under the trees.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH :

THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH.

SATURDAY, the 9th day of April, 1774, was one of those dull, leaden days in London, which even those who are born and bred in the great metropolis are fain to grumble at, and wish speedily over. Throughout the morning a certain staircase in the Temple was crowded with people coming and going with a stealthy, quiet tread. There was gloom on every face, flowing tears trickling down many of the cheeks. The throng was, for the most part, coarsely clad; sometimes there were tatters, patches, and rags; there were lame men; there were decrepit women; there were children, whose hard, serious, weary countenances betokened them old in the world's trials, though tender in age.

In the rather gaudy and far from neat chamber above, with its scarlet furniture and its unswept floor, Oliver Goldsmith lay, stark and silent in death; and the ragged court, of which he had been the gracious and merry monarch by the general voice, was paying its last tribute of affectionate reverence at his bier.

At five o'clock on the same afternoon, a modest procession was formed, headed by Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, which wended its way to a grave in the ancient Temple church-yard, and there laid Oliver Goldsmith in a spot which, having been, to our amazement, unmarked and forgotten at the time, cannot now be discovered.

The 4th of April, 1874, was the centennial anniversary of Goldsmith's death; and the recurrence of the date has been made the occasion, in England, of rearing a public monument to him who, after the lapse of a hundred years, is still the best-known and best-loved writer of his age.

It is well worth while to look across the space of a century, and once more recall that strange, uncouth figure, that generous, struggling, and finally triumphant soul, and, above all, the splendid legacy in letters, which were the result of as bitter a battle with the world as ancient or modern annals record. For, in that century which fairly teemed with great British authors, which came in as Dryden was dying, and went out as the sun of Walter Scott was beginning to ascend toward its zenith, there are two names which peculiarly call forth the emotion of love. We are dazzled by, though we can have no affection for, the harsh and stormy Dean of St. Patrick's; we feel a sort of reverence for the placid and mildly-pious Addison; we heartily like the crooked little poet of Twickenham, with his sensitive nature and his splendid pluck; we have a respect which is of the kindest, and even partakes of tenderness, for gruff old Johnson; we stand in awe of Burke and Pitt; we sympathize with the troubles of Smollett and Cowper; we laugh merrily at the fun and envy the rollicking spirits of Harry Fielding; but our enthusiastic affection is reserved for graceless Dick Steele and the hopelessly-improvident Oliver Goldsmith.

"To the most beloved of English writers!"

exclaims Thackeray, in his whole-souled way, "what a title that is for a man!" He is writing of Goldsmith. "Who, of all the millions whom he has amused, does not love him?" Steele is wellnigh forgotten, and few there are who care to search out the essays he used to write when he had taken refuge at the "Devil," or the "Fountain," from an exacting spouse, in the pages of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. But Goldsmith's memory, both as a man and as a writer—as poet, novelist, dramatist, essayist—is almost as green to-day as it was when Johnson wrote his imperishable epitaph.

Of Goldsmith's person and habits, of his strange freaks, his fits of envy and thoughtless generosity, his absurd love of gaudy clothes and singular blunders in telling jokes, his wanderings in many climes, his perpetual conflicts with publishers, managers, and tailors, his difficulties in getting money and his haste in getting rid of it, at least a score of friendly hands have left us record. As long as Johnson is preserved to fame by Boswell, the same embalming will keep Goldsmith in life-like presentment. Washington Irving has lavished all his art upon an exquisite monograph of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Prior has contributed a biography full of careful, minute, and interesting detail. John Forster has given of Goldsmith one of the most entertaining literary and personal histories extant. Thackeray, who himself struggled long and desperately before he achieved success, has left a memorial full of tender and enthusiastic appreciation. Macaulay, in stately style and impressive antithesis, has reviewed the career, replete with romantic vicissitude, which began in the little Irish hamlet of Pallas, and ended with the pathetic scene we have described at the Temple. "There have been," says Macaulay, "many greater writers, but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in November, 1728, in a remote and even dismal part of Ireland, and was the son of a poor Protestant Irish clergyman. The father was good-hearted, but a man of feeble judgment. Oliver was first taught by a servant in the family, then by an old soldier, who had settled down in the vicinity after fighting in Marlborough's wars. So forbidding was the poor boy's countenance—a harshly-moulded one at best, and further disfigured by the small-pox—so bungling his gait and manners, that, all through his childhood and youth, he was the butt wherever he made his appearance. But he had the tenderest of hearts, which, though wounded every day of his life, never lost its affectionate, generous, and confiding warmth. Slow to learn, his school-life was a succession of miseries in-doors and out; "he was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room."

His college-life was scarcely a shade better. The Rev. Mr. Goldsmith was not a rich man; and, having a great deal of the pride which has brought disaster upon so many of the Irish gentry, he gave to his daughter, who married a "squire," a dowry altogether out of proportion to his means. Oliver, therefore, was forced to enter Trinity College, Dublin, as a "sizar"—that is, as a student

who also worked his way as a college-servant. Here he blundered along in his studies, was unmercifully thrashed by a tutor, played many a wild antic with his classmates, got into trouble with his tailors, was fined again and again in the buttery-book, was the ring-leader in a college-riot, was reprimanded for incorrigible idleness, and finally worried his way through, graduating at the very bottom of his class. He wrote street-ballads to earn a few sorely-needed shillings, and then gave them to beggars. He parted with his coats, hats, and bedclothes, to the miserable mendicants who importuned him in the streets, and went shivering to bed under the ticking. He learned to play the flute, and this was his chief solace in these dreary Dublin days.

His attempts to acquire a profession were as ludicrous and as disappointing as his college course. Having idled away three years at home, he made preparations to enter the Church; but the bishop, when he appeared before him in a flashy, scarlet suit, rejected him, and told him shortly to try something else. Then he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, but dissipated with a set of wild young Scots, got irretrievably in debt for pretty velvets and laces, and ran away to the Continent without a degree, and with but a miserable pittance in his purse. He pretended to study a while at Leyden; but the rage to travel seized him, and, with flute and bundle in hand, he made a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, giving the peasants flute-music in exchange for a bed and a supper, begging, sometimes, to lie over night in a barn, and engaging in disputations at Italian universities, the reward of which was a lodging and something to eat. But this wild, roving expedition in foreign lands was not without its precious fruits; for it is to his travels that we are indebted for many pleasant essays in the "Citizen of the World," and, above all, for what Macaulay pronounces his greatest poem, "The Traveler."

He landed in England without a farthing in his pocket, and it took him ten difficult days to get from the coast to London. It is hinted that on the way he attempted "a low comedy performance in a barn;" and in one of the villages tried to get a position as an apothecary's clerk. Then comes a pleasant interval spent as usher in Mr. Milner's school at Peckham; and then, carrying into practice at last his long-cherished intention to pursue the path of letters, with a not very light heart he made his appearance in Grub Street.

Whatever affection we may have for the generous and great-hearted nature of the man, and whatever the admiration his literary masterpieces may command, the world is, after all, chiefly interested in Goldsmith's career as representing the condition of literature and literary men in the middle of the eighteenth century. He enters upon that career in the twenty-ninth year of his age, having had but the most meagre early education, and having acquired at Trinity very little to serve him in good stead in the future. He has learned nothing of society, except the society of village boors, foreign peasants, and vagrants. He himself has been an incorrigible vagrant; a very good-natured one, it is true, and a very harmless one. In

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an age when drunkenness was fashionable, he was not a drinker; in an age which to us appears strangely coarse in language and corrupt in morals, the only immorality of which Goldsmith was guilty was gambling, which, in the estimation of his contemporaries, was no immorality at all; and in his poems there is a striking freedom from the moral blemishes of Sterne and Swift, of Fielding and Smollett. The rivers of his poetry and his prose are sparkling and pellucid from their source. He has, then, at the time of his entrance into Grub Street, no money, no friends, a very superficial learning, a vast conceit, however, in his own powers, but a willingness to drudge, a most wretched habit of spending money before it is earned, and a heart which cannot possibly resist the pathos of poverty. He has brought from Ireland, as he says himself, nothing but "his brogue and his blunders;" neither of them wings for feet aching to climb Parnassus.

For a long time Goldsmith's path was terribly hard. Happy was it for him that he had "a knack at hoping;" that his warm, Irish heart gave him buoyancy and good cheer. It is curious to watch the variety and character of his labor as he disputed, inch by inch, his way to fame. Goldsmith groped about desperately to hit upon the nugget which he knew must be hidden somewhere for him. He laboriously followed out vein after vein, till he struck at last the rich ore. He began by drudging for Griffiths in the *Monthly Review*—Griffiths, the very ideal of the miserly, grinding proprietor of the hack-writer's brains. Mrs. Griffiths was there, a perfect Mrs. Squeers, tantalizing and badgering the poor fellow to death. What did he not write for the *Monthly*? Dissertations on the Scandinavian "Edda," criticisms of "Douglas," sharp strictures on the "Epicniad," treatises on "The Sublime," praises of Smollett's "History," and learned estimates on "Odes by Mr. Gray." Then, though the best-natured of mortals, he quarreled with his tyrant, got into a garret in Salisbury Square, and became for a while a free-lance. Pinched grievously by poverty, he tried to vary his literary labors by practising medicine; but his patients were few, and he made prescriptions to the poor of Bankside for nothing. It would be amusing to trace the attempts he made to achieve a literary "hit," if the painful evidences of genius in a state of half starvation did not appear at each strained essay. He translated "Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Galley of France for his Religion;" he started the *Bee*, in imitation of the *Spectator*; he tried to publish a book by subscription; he got, and then lost, the appointment as government physician at Coromandel; he was examined for the doctorate of medicine at Surgeons' Hall, and was rejected; and, after pawnings his clothes, and reducing himself to a single chair, he went resolutely to work on a memoir of Voltaire. His life, during the years between 1756 and 1759, was one full of torment and trouble, of threatening bailiffs and quarrels with publishers, of often very desperate poverty and humiliating make-shifts. But in this period he had won, not only some notable friends, but a sort of repu-

tation. He had made the acquaintance of Percy and Smollett; and his "Enquiry into Polite Learning in Europe" had attracted the attention of the great Dr. Johnson. The next year he increased his modest fame by "The Citizen of the World," and more yet by a brisk attack upon Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," wherein he displayed an unexpected talent for satire.

It is true that Goldsmith's drudgery never came to an end; he died a drudge, as he had lived. But there is one epoch in his existence where we may discern the beginning of certain very happy ameliorations of his struggling career, and happy influences upon his life. There was a year before which he was a lonely, almost unfriended, forlorn creature, with few to cheer his solitude, bound down to tasks which he knew to be beneath his capabilities; and after which he felt the sunshine of companionship, the felicities of appreciation, the warm glow of worthy friendships, the inspiration of sympathy, interest, and encouragement. This was the year 1761; the year in which he became the friend of Samuel Johnson; the year in which he moved from the squalor and gloom of that washer-women's paradise, Green-Arbor Court, to his "respectable lodgings" in Wine-Office Court. Now began those famous suppers at the Mitre, and those cosy meetings with literary cronies in Tom Davies's snug parlor in Russell Street, and those awkward speeches in the now almost forgotten Robin Hood debating society, which met near Temple Bar. Goldsmith soon became acquainted with Hogarth and Foote, with Garrick and Reynolds, and with supercilious little James Boswell, who thought him a "giddy pate."

From the time that Johnson recognized his powers and gave him his rough but hearty sympathy, Goldsmith made rapid strides toward a degree of fame rivaling that of the author of "Rasselas" himself. Boswell said to Johnson, "He is indebted to you for his getting so high in the public estimation." "Why, sir," returned the doctor, "he has, perhaps, got to it sooner by his intimacy with me." Having been a critic and an essayist, Goldsmith tried, in the year after his meeting with Johnson, the field of history. His "Letters to a Nobleman" brought him twenty guineas, but little food for his vanity in the matter of reputation. His knowledge of history, as of many other subjects on which he wrote, was of the most meagre. "He was very nearly hoaxed," says Macaulay, "into putting into the 'History of Greece' an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma!" In his English history he locates Naseby in Yorkshire. Yet, his historical labors, which he later carried into the history of England and a history of Rome, brought him about nine hundred pounds. He wrote also a "Natural History," full of the most absurd fables about animals, which was at least peculiarly successful. Johnson used to laugh at this book, and said, "If he can tell a horse from a cow, that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology!"

It was not until 1764, when he had known Johnson for three years, and within a short decade of his death, that Goldsmith produced and published the first of his immortal mas-

terpieces, "The Traveler." For this great poem, the fruit of his Continental vagrancies, he received the pitiful sum of twenty guineas! But it took the literary world of London by storm. Johnson went about, roaring out its praises. Critics declared that the best parts were Johnson's, but this the latter strenuously denied. Goldsmith's best friends, accustomed to his blunders and nonsensical conversation, could not credit that so splendid a specimen of pure English, elegant sentiment, and perfection of poetic form, could have emanated from a man outwardly so dull and awkward. The next year appeared the exquisite lyric, "Edwin and Angelina," which hostile critics denounced as a plagiarism from Percy's "Reliques," and which was "printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland." Goldsmith, we see, had got into some grand company, and often nowadays was found wandering in the splendid library of Northumberland House.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" was written before "The Traveler," but was not published for two years after. It was sold, according to the oft-repeated story, by Johnson, to raise an attachment on Goldsmith's goods for arrears to his landlady; and it brought sixty guineas to the still distressed and impecunious author. The "Vicar" is as popular today as the day on which it came hot from Newberry's press. "We bless the memory of an author," exclaims unenvious Sir Walter, "who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." The sparkle of its wit and humor, the depth and tenderness of its pathos, have been excelled by no other imaginative writer before or since. Above all, it presents a beautiful contrast to the novels of Fielding, Smollett, and Mrs. Behn, in its sweet purity and elevation of thought and tone. Herder, in after-years, read "The Vicar of Wakefield" to the ambitious young scholar, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe; and "a new ideal of letters and of life arose in the mind of the listener;" and Goethe read and reread it, and declared that it had "formed his literary education."

After plodding along a year at the miscellaneous drudgery upon which he always fell back after a great effort—because he found this drudgery more profitable pecuniarily than "courtship of the muses"—he appeared before the world in the new character of a dramatist. "The Good-Natured Man," rejected by the jealous Garrick, then manager of Drury Lane, was accepted after much hesitation by Coleman the elder, for the boards of Covent Garden. As a play, however, to use Coleman's own words, "it rather dragged;" it was hissed in the first act, but vehemently applauded in the last. It was played for ten consecutive nights; and Griffin, the publisher, gave Goldsmith fifty pounds for the right of publication.

Four years elapsed before his next great work, that which, among his poems at least, has ever since held the first place in the popular heart—"The Deserted Village"—was given to the world. These were years of alternated gaiety and drudgery, of spasmodic luxury and extravagance, and of constantly-recurring financial embarrassment. They were the halcyon days of "The Club," where

poor Goldsmith was perpetually cast in the deep shadow of the great talkers, Johnson and Burke, and yet where he found the best friends and the pleasantest hours of his life. He now belonged to a number of other clubs, went often to the theatres, gambled, it is to be feared, more or less, in the taverns, had many a delightful saunter with Johnson and Reynolds about old London, hobnobbed with rough old Hogarth, spent Arcadian evenings in the fascinating company of the "Jessamy Bride," whom he would have married had he dared ask her and had she assented, was bullied by his landlady and the trade-folk, and, between pleasures and troubles, had a feverish time of it.

"This day at 12," ran a memorable advertisement on May 26, 1770, "will be published, price two shillings, *The Deserted Village*, a Poem. By Doctor Goldsmith." Gray, who had sneered at him before, exclaimed, on reading the new lyric, "This man is a poet." Burke, long after he had followed his friend to that undiscoverable grave, said, "What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*! They beat all—Pope and Spenser, too—in my opinion;" but Johnson declared it not so good as "The Traveler." The actual sum which he received for the "*Deserted Village*" is not known; but it is probable that it was one hundred pounds, or, if not, something less. His income at this period of his life is stated by Macaulay to have been not far from four hundred pounds a year.

Goldsmith's fifth and last masterpiece—his still-admired comedy, "She stoops to conquer"—was brought out at Covent Garden just a year before his death; but he at least lived long enough to witness the brilliant beginning of a dramatic triumph which has lasted till our day, and which only one other comedy written since, "The School for Scandal," can be said to have rivaled. Macaulay calls it "an incomparable farce in five acts;" its rollicking drollery and sparkling wit are fitting to amuse all generations, and its dramatic skill is a victory of true inventive genius. All his friends went to see what Johnson called "Goldy's play." Johnson himself "sat in a front row of a side box, and," writes Horace Walpole, "when he laughed, everybody thought himself warranted to roar." While the rest were at the theatre, Goldsmith, who had not been able to eat a mouthful at dinner, was feverishly pacing up and down the Mall, on the bleak, March night, and only went to Covent Garden to hear the fifth act, and to listen with beating heart to the tempest of applause when the drop-curtain fell. "Did it make you laugh?" asked he of Northcote, next day. "Exceedingly!" "Then that is all I require," returned the delighted author, thrusting half a dozen tickets for the benefit night into his hand.

Almost innumerable are the anecdotes related of Goldsmith's habits and blunders, extravagance and tender-heartedness, superficial envy and inoffensive vanity, illustrating traits of character which compel us at once to laugh at, love, and pity him. Of his often foolish and imprudent, but always spontaneous and hearty generosity, there is constant testimony throughout his checkered and, for

the most part, unhappy life. Its chief merit, that which gives the trait the attribute of nobleness, is, that it was again and again exercised at the sacrifice of his own selfish comfort, and when he by it deprived himself of the absolutely necessary means of decent existence. Once, when applied to by a poor young Irish student for help, Goldsmith rummaged his pockets in vain—he could find nothing to bestow. The expression of bitter disappointment with which the student turned away so touched his heart that he hastened off, borrowed a guinea, and thrust it under the student's door, where the latter found it on his return at midnight. In expressing his gratitude, the student said to Goldsmith: "What a mercy it was, sir, that nobody else found it!" "In truth, my dear fellow," replied he, "I did not think of that." He had many Irish retainers who were always besieging him for guineas he could not spare but always gave. "Our doctor," says one of these, "had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved." He had the warmest sympathy for the joys and sorrows of the poor, and his familiar knowledge of their ways and haunts is often betrayed in his writings. His charity-list included, besides his Irish satellites, "two or three poor authors, and several widows and poor housekeepers;" and, when he had no money, he would give them a parcel of clothes, or his breakfast, and smilingly say, after their departure, "Now only let me suppose I have eat a much heartier breakfast than usual, and I'm nothing out of pocket."

Neither his vanity nor his envy was malicious or harmful. Once, when Johnson was talking ponderously to a group of attentive listeners, he sat apart, in a jealous sulk; but consideration came before "Ursa Major" had finished, and Goldsmith fluttered up to his friend with, "Sir, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it." Graham, dining one day with these two, gave an invitation to visit him at Eton, looking from one to the other. "I shall be glad to wait on you," said Goldsmith. "No, no," returned Graham; "'tis not you I mean, Dr. Minor; 'tis Dr. Major, there." "Now that Graham," said Goldsmith, telling the incident afterward, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide." Hawkins relates, with evident spleen against Goldsmith, that the latter once entreated a friend to stop praising Johnson; "because, when you do so," said he, "you harrow up my soul." "Don't call me your 'little bard,'" said Goldsmith to Johnson, referring to the doctor's prologue to the "Good-Natured Man," and so the offensive word was replaced by "anxious bard." "Please don't call me 'Goldy,'" was another plaintive request to the same burly offender. One day he was in a company of ladies, when a ballad-singer sang "Sally Salisbury" under the window. Irritated by the praise which the ladies lavished on the performance, he pettishly exclaimed, "I can do it better!" And so he did, by unanimous approval. These ebullitions of vanity and envy were merely absurd; for "he never formed a scheme to

hurt any man living." Bishop Percy says, "They never embittered his heart, nor influenced his conduct."

Nothing was more characteristic of Goldsmith than his inexhaustible fondness for companionship, good cheer, and fun. He loved all sorts of society, that of the old and the young, the great and the poor, the learned and the frivolous. He played boyish pranks down to the day of his death. He enjoyed nothing so much as a merry excursion, a saunter at wild Vauxhall, a bout at the Mitre or the Fountain, a grand dinner at the Academy, a night at the theatre, a lively tourney of discussion at the club, a joyous evening at Mrs. Thrale's or Mrs. Horneby's. Miss Hawkins tells of his teaching her to play "Jack and Gill, by two bits of paper on his fingers." The story of his conjuring with hats and shillings, to appease the wrath of the younger Colman, betrays a sweet nature as well as a merry one. Few young bloods of the aristocracy could have had more numerous club connections than this Irish author, perpetually straitened for money. It was always a subject of intense pride with him that Johnson and Reynolds had invited him to be one of the original members of the immortal club which met at the Turk's Head; and, on every Monday night, at seven, he was sure to be there to witness, most often good-naturedly, the conversational triumphs of his ponderous friend. Besides this, he belonged to the Wednesday Club, a "shilling-rubber" club, which met at Ben Jonson's old Devil Tavern—also the scene of many of Captain Dick Steele's escapades—and where he gambled mildly; to a club which had its headquarters at the Globe, and the chief attraction of which was "songs sung after supper," in which we cannot doubt that Goldsmith had a noisy and eminently Hibernian part; and to three or four minor gatherings, the purposes of which were rather hilarious than didactic. He made, on occasion, a pandemonium of the extravagantly-fitted Temple chambers, in which he passed his later years, and the occupants overhead and underneath complained bitterly of the shouting and stamping which usually accompanied his assumption of the quality of a host. He had dinner-parties and supper-parties, sometimes including young folks, on which occasions he led his guests in blind-man's-buff and forfeits, while the elders droned over cards in an adjoining room; sang jolly Irish songs and the Scotch ballad of "Johnny Armstrong;" and put the front of his wig on behind, and danced a comic minuet. It is related that, at one "cheerful little hop," the learned author of "Animated Nature" got into such high spirits that he "danced, and threw his wig up to the ceiling, and cried out that men were never so like men as when they looked like boys." Especially pleasant were the summer excursions to the suburbs, when Goldsmith and a few choice spirits fled from the London bustle for a breath of country breeze and a taste of rural fare. On Shoemaker's Holiday they repaired to Highbury Barn for dinner; at six, they changed the scene to White Conduit House for tea; and wound up merrily with a supper at the Grecian or the Globe in Fleet Street. At one time he boasted that he was

"ten-deep" in dinner invitations. Though he was the poorest and most bungling of talkers, his company was eagerly sought for his good-humor and his fame's sake, and he heartily enjoyed the banquets to which he was bidden—taking care to make up for the poverty of his conversation by appearing in gorgeous costumes, and affording the air of a fop. He went to a dinner at Boswell's once, habited in "a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin, a pair of silk-stocking breeches," with sword, gold buckles, and a preposterous excess of ruffles about his wrists; and "strutted about, bragging of his dress," to divert the company while they awaited dinner.

So passed the happiest years of a life the beginnings of which were wretchedly hard and miserable. If Goldsmith died young—he was but forty-six—he at least lived long enough to enjoy the luxury of celebrity and honor, and to indulge in many pleasures from which the poverty of his first thirty years had completely shut him out. Nor did he die too early to achieve an enduring fame, which makes his name as familiar to us, at a century's distance, as household words. Had he lived to the age of old Parr, it is not likely that he would have produced a sweeter, purer, or more perfect story than "The Vicar of Wakefield," a more brilliant drama than "She stoops to conquer," or a nobler poem than "The Deserted Village."

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE AND HIS "INCONNUE."

THE literary sensation of the day in France is a work, published in two volumes by Michel Lévy, and entitled "Lettres à Une Inconnue." The book has passed into its fourth edition in less than four months, and its contents have amused or surprised nearly all French readers. Whether viewed as a curious thing in literature, or in connection with their distinguished writer, the late Prosper Mérimée, the letters are alike worthy of the comment they have elicited.

To the world, Mérimée—the academician, the learned and fastidious author, the petted man of society whose mature years were all passed in the atmosphere of courts—was a cultivated sybarite of the first order. His associates saw him with his visor up; but to the anonymous woman who was the recipient of these letters, written in the intimacy of a private friendship of over thirty years' duration, he showed himself with visor down.

Before quoting from the letters, a word or two as to the relations of Mérimée and the "Inconnue." When Mérimée began to exchange letters with this lady—now about thirty-four years ago—his name was not as famous as it was destined to become at a later day. He had written several works on French archaeology, many charming novels, and his "Théâtre de Clara Gazul;" and these had given him celebrity. He was also at the time inspector-general of French monuments, a position which Louis Philippe had conferred upon him, and had already filled

some important offices in the ministry of Count d'Argout.

Of the "Inconnue" nothing is known positively. The secret of her name and residence has been impenetrably preserved, and an impervious disguise hides her from the inquiries of a curious public. She is said to be a married woman of rank—a marquise; witty, highly educated, and with a knowledge of science, Greek, and Latin; in her youth handsome, and so attractive, in fine, as to enchain for more than a quarter of a century the affections of one of the brightest minds of France. She says herself that she was beautiful, and that her eyes were, as Mérimée called them, "splendid black eyes" of the Oriental type.

When they met for the first time, she was young, and Mérimée was nearly forty. He was ardent, while she—she sometimes played the indifferent. Judged by his pen, she was as great an enigma to him during all those years, as is now her identity to the readers of the book which she has given to the world. In his letters he accuses her, according to his humor, of both "bigotry" and "Satanism" in her religious beliefs, and of cynicism in matters of the soul and of the affections. She is, moreover, vain as a *bas bleu*, with a patrician's pride and the indiscreteness of a *portion*, cold, and resembling one of those "chilly women of the North" whose sentiment is of the head alone—a prude and an egotist.

The letters are filled with anecdotes, bright sayings—oftentimes misanthropical—and the gossip of the courts during a period that included many years of the reign of Louis Philippe and the whole of the Second Empire. Their style and their opinions present an abrupt transition from the Mérimée of public life to the Mérimée of a romantic and secret attachment.

Mérimée places no restraint upon himself in writing the letters. He confides all to this woman, who, four years after his death, weakly surrenders, to the perusal of his friends and his enemies, those thoughts which were reserved for her alone. Nor does he wear a mask to her so far as he himself is concerned. His foibles as well as his uncomplimentary opinions of men and women, sometimes the most exalted, are freely set down; and, in reading these posthumous writings, one is as much astonished at the folly that could permit Mérimée, usually so discreet and attentive to observances, to place in another's hands the proof of sentiment so different from his ordinary utterances, as at the frivolity or vanity that actuated the recipient of the letters in their publication.

The first letter is without date, but it was probably written in 1839 or 1840. He calls her his "dear feminine friend," although later, as the correspondence between them becomes unreserved, she is addressed as "my tender friend." A letter written in 1843 indicates that, up to that period, their meetings had been only casual. "If I do not deceive myself," he writes to her, "we have seen each other six or seven times in six years, and, in adding the minutes, we may have passed three or four hours together in all, half of which time elapsed without our saying any

thing to one another." This was truly a mysterious beginning. However, he writes to her in the same year to this effect: "You ask me what business occupies my attention? I must tell you of my character and my life, something that nobody suspects, because I have not yet found any one who inspires me with sufficient trust." A few days later he wrote: "As a rule, never take a woman for a confidante, for, should you do so, you will repent it sooner or later." The advice he gave her he did not follow himself; and, for nearly thirty successive years, he made her the sharer of confidences which, certainly, he could never have thought it possible that she would ever betray.

The "Inconnue" informs him by letter that she has been afflicted with toothache. In his reply he opens up a whole world of refined misanthropy to her. "You are very good," he says, "to reproach yourself for having made to me a pathetic recital. You should have rejoiced, on the contrary, that you have made me do a good action. There is nothing that I so much despise, and even detest, as humanity in general; but I would like to be rich enough to spare myself all the sufferings of individuals;" and on the same theme he says, further: "Know that there is nothing more common than to do evil for the pleasure of doing it." It may be a question here whether such sentiments were genuine, or whether—as is not unfrequently the case with intellectual men when writing to sympathetic women on terms of intimacy—Mérimée's purpose was merely to impress or awe his fair correspondent.

In 1843 Mérimée made a tour of the provinces. The "Inconnue" is the recipient, as usual, of the records of his diversions—the few he had—of his contrarieties, his *ennui*, his sleepless nights, and his impressions of travel. It is to be noted that, wherever he goes throughout France, he finds a prevalent stupidity. North and south, east and west, there is no difference in this respect. "Never," he says, "have I been so sadly shocked at the stupidity of the people of the north as during this journey. The average Picard seems to me to be below the most inferior Provençal." Writing from the south of France, under date of September 29, 1843, he says: "The country in which I am is an admirable one; but the inhabitants are stupid *d'outrance*. . . . I have still two months of this life to live before I can see human beings." From Dijon he writes in a similar strain, declaring that each year he finds the province "more stupid and unbearable." In a letter from Avallon, in Burgundy, he charges the women of that province with being ugly, reflects upon the *personnel* of the women of Paris by an ungallant comparison of their charms with those of their sisters of Burgundy, and expresses his dislike of blood-relations. "I came," he tells the "Inconnue," "to see an old uncle whom I do not know. I was obliged to stay two days at his house. For my trouble he took me to look at some heads without noses, which were dug up in the vicinity." (This supercilious reference to "heads without noses" is from a professor of archaeology, the author of "Historical Monuments," and the inspector-gen-

eral of French monuments, remember!) "I do not like relations. One is obliged to be familiar with people whom one has never seen because they happen to have the same father as your father. . . . The women here are as ugly as those of Paris. . . . Besides, their ankles are as thick as posts."

In other letters, and at various periods, he dwells upon that stupidity which seems to meet him at every turn, and in all countries. Stupidity prevails over the Channel as well as in France. Paris and London are alike. From the former city he writes in 1860, on the occasion of the obsequies of the ex-King Jerome, of Westphalia: "Day before yesterday thirty thousand persons came to throw holy-water" (on the ex-king's coffin), "and more to-day. This is a good evidence of the frivolity of this magnanimous nation. It is far more stupid than people think, and this is saying a great deal." He makes his report on historical monuments to his chief, the Minister of the Interior, and he writes about it to the "Inconnue" in a half-satiric, half-iconoclastic spirit. "Truly is my occupation a most fatiguing one," he says to her; ". . . I speak only of ordinary writings; for, from time to time, I have to play the owl to my minister; but, as nobody reads what I write, I can, with impunity, say all possible stupidities." From London he writes: "I will not tell you much of my impressions of travel, if it be not that decidedly the English are, individually, stupid." This adverse opinion he tempers, however, with the remark that, "taken as a whole, they are an admirable people."

His criticisms on women are nearly always unfavorable, especially as he advanced in years. Mérimée had all his life been an enthusiast on the subject of physical beauty, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that he was so uncharitable to women who happened not to attain that aesthetic standard by which he measured his judgment of the sex. "The women here," he writes from Edinburgh on July 26, 1856, "are, as a rule, very ugly." They have other physical defects which he describes, and he adds that they display "boots of rhinoceros-skin, with feet of the same." He once wrote from Germany, after having spent an hour with a celebrated public man, that Mme. ——, the wife of this statesman, possessed the "largest feet of the trans-Rhine, not to mention her daughter, who walks in her mother's footsteps." Here is his opinion of the women of the Tyrol: "The women seem to me to be treated according to their merits. They are attached to carts, and they drag heavy loads with success;" and elsewhere he writes: "I have passed four days in an absolute solitude, and without seeing a man, still less a woman; for I do not call certain bipeds men and women, who are trained to bring the wherewithal to eat and drink when the order is given them."

In July, 1859, after the campaign of Italy, which gave that country unity and Victor Emmanuel for king, he confided to the "Inconnue" his feelings on the subject of the participation of France in the work that had been accomplished. "You alone," he confides to her, "induce me to accept the peace. But . . . after all, what, to us, is the lib-

erty of a lot of smokers and musicians?" It was necessary for him, once, to visit a deputy. What he saw there—probably the deputy's constituents—displeased him, and he writes: "I passed twenty-four hours at the house of a deputy. . . . What an occupation! Slavery for slavery. I prefer the court of a despot; for the majority of despots at least wash their hands."

He gave everybody bad names. Senators, of whom he was not the least conspicuous himself, were fossils; the Academicians, to which body he also belonged, were awaiting the grave-digger. He refers to M. Troplong, president of the Senate of France, as "worthy of his name" (too long). Those who surrounded a personage whom he calls "Isidore" (probably the emperor, who, by-the-way, was in a certain sense Mérimée's respected son-in-law, owing to the latter's secret marriage with Mme. de Montijo, the Empress Eugénie's mother), were all stupid—the one more so than the other!

Vanity and frivolity marked the people at court, and the court itself—in which Mérimée was a caressed favorite—was everywhere tiresome, in Paris and at the watering-places. His descriptions of court-life away from Paris are amusing. "One cannot sleep in this place," he writes from Compiègne, in 1858. "The time is passed in freezing or in roasting, and this has given me an irritation of the chest which greatly fatigues me." This from Fontainebleau in 1861: "Quo vultenus? Nothing is done here, and yet one is never at liberty. Now I am called to roam about the woods"—there is a suggestion in this of the days of Marie Antoinette and the Petit-Trianon!—"now to make a translation. Time passes chiefly in waiting. The great philosophy of the country is to know how to wait. . . . My life is so occupied with doing nothing that I have not time to write." From the same place, in 1863: "Here, one has no time to do any thing. . . . The great and principal occupation is to drink, eat, and sleep." From Biarritz: "Time passes here as in all the imperial residences—in doing nothing while waiting to do something."

In a letter from Paris, written in 1862, he refers cynically to an incident that happened while he was dining with the imperial family, and in which are shown his own free tendencies in religious matters and the serious decorum usually observed at court on these subjects. "I dined," he says, "at Saint-Cloud last week. . . . It seemed to me that they were less 'papistical' than they are generally said to be. They allowed me to deny things at my ease without calling me to order." The prince imperial he considered "charming," and he relates a *mot* of the lad's which did not lack wit in a youth, at the time, not five years old. "He is a curious child," he writes, in 1861, "sometimes 'terrible.' He says he always salutes the people because they drove away Louis Philippe, who did not please them. He is a charming child!"

Mérimée was present at a grand ball given in Paris by the Duchess of Alba, on May 1, 1860. "It was splendid. The costumes were very handsome. There were many pretty women present, and much au-

dacity was displayed. First, they were *décolletées*, above and below, in an outrageous manner." The ballet of the "Elements," one of the fashionable triumphs of the period, was danced by sixteen ladies of the court, resplendent in diamonds, and attired in short skirts. "The Naiads were powdered with silver, which, falling upon their shoulders, resembled drops of water. The Salamander's were powdered with gold. There was a Mdlle. E——, wonderfully beautiful. The Princess M—— was dressed like a Nubian woman, painted a deep brown—much too exact as to costume. At the height of the ball a domino embraced Mme. de S——, who uttered loud cries. The dining-hall, with a gallery running around it, the servants, dressed like pages of the sixteenth century, and the electric light, resembled the 'Feast of Belshazzar' in Wrothow's painting. . . . Although the emperor had changed his domino, he could be recognized a mile off. The empress wore a white burnoose, with a black-velvet mask, which did not disguise her in the least. There were many dominos—generally stupid. The Duc de —— walked about disguised as tree—really a very good imitation." Mérimée lived long enough—he died at Cannes, in the autumn of 1870, in which year his last letter to the "Inconnue" was written—to understand the justice of his simile in having described this grand festival as resembling Belshazzar's feast.

In one of his letters appears a characteristic account of the first representation in Paris, at the old opera-house in the Rue le Peletier, which was destroyed by fire a few months ago, of Richard Wagner's opera "Tannhäuser." "A last *essai*, but a colossal one, was 'Tannhäuser.' Some said the performance in Paris was one of the secret stipulations of the treaty of Villa Franca; others that Wagner had been sent to compel us to admire H. Berlioz. The fact is, it is prodigious. It seems to me that I could write something like it to-morrow by drawing inspiration from my cat walking upon the keys of a piano. The audience was a curiosity. The Princess de Metternich troubled herself terribly in order to make it appear that she understood, and to lead applause that never came. Everybody yawned, but, at the same time, everybody was anxious to seem to comprehend this enigma with words. Under Mme. de Metternich's *loge* it was remarked that the Austrians were taking their revenge for Solferino!"

One more extract and I shall close. Throughout the letters, even when he praises his "tender friend," there is a tone as of mockery, as if the writer were laughing at his correspondent even while courting her favor. In a letter written in 1859, however, he addresses her with a touch of old-fashioned, lover-like simplicity, which is too earnest not to be real. "I will remain in Paris," he informs her, "until the 15th of August . . . but you must understand that you will have the preference above every one, and whatever day you may appoint you may await me with assurance. . . . It seems that you can no longer live without mountains and venerable forests. My imagination depicts you as being browned and made stouter by the sun. I

shall be charmed, however, to see you just as you are, and you may feel sure of being treated with a great tenderness."

Poor Mérimée! How awkward a figure this, to walk by the side of his larger self down the corridors of Time!

CHARLES DIMITRY.

A HALF-BREED BALL.

BING invited to attend a ball at the residence of M. Pierrette Poitras, in the parish of St. François Xavier, given in honor of the betrothal of his daughter Pauline, I am anxiously expectant of its delights for the intervening three days.

I draw a mental picture of the daughter Pauline, by surmounting the customary attire of the country with a softened shade of her progenitors' features, and inserting an additional intensity into the blackness of her eye.

I conceive, furthermore, the *flame* of the now matrimonially moribund maiden, in black corduroys, moccasins, and sky-blue capote. His features are clearly cut in the aboriginal mould, and he smokes perennial *haronge* in a pipe with a china bowl.

I also portray, in my mental picture-gallery, the manner of their courtship, in which the fond maiden, whose brothers are given to the chase, succumbs to deeds of desperate daring performed on the hunting-field by the youth of her choice, who is likewise nomadic in his habits.

In anticipation, I depict the contents of my friend Pierrette's larder; and, reveling upon the marrow-fat of the bison, and the nose of the moose, perform gastronomic feats upon the basted ribs of the antelope, worthy of a Patagonian.

I even mentally congratulate the blushing Pauline upon the discrimination displayed in her choice, and am repaid by thanks expressed in a composition of four languages. I also express my sense of approval to the bridegroom expectant, and am at once invited to imbibe.

In effect, I am afflicted with a species of mental phantasmagoria until the eventful day arrives, and brings reality in the shape of the dog-sledge, with its attendant driver, which is to convey me over the twenty-four miles of prairie intervening between my residence and the scene of festivities.

I place the archives of the consulate, committed to my care by the confiding Government of the United States, under the guardianship of an intelligent half-breed; who, not knowing the difference between a certified invoice and a passport, is more than likely to describe the first comer in want of a copy of the latter as a *carrion*.

As affairs of this description, in this northern climate, are likely to continue for the space of three or more days, it behooves to make preparations commensurate with the duration of my stay; and I accordingly place a small quantity of "renewed woolen" in a receptacle borrowed for that purpose. I dress in the habiliments of rejoicing usually worn upon occasions of this nature, and find myself encased in a fine cloth capote of cerulean hue,

and ornamented with brass buttons; black-cloth trousers, supported by a variegated sash, the fringed ends of which hang about the knees in a bewildering manner.

Being unable to control the canine specimens attached to my sledge with any degree of satisfaction to myself, I surrender all authority in that matter to the copper-visaged driver of dogs running at my side.

I find, at the outset, considerable difficulty in retaining an equilibrium, owing to the peculiar structure of the sledge, and the constant lurching from side to side which it affects; and am, on one or two occasions, precipitated into snow-banks from which, such is the internal arrangement of the sledge, I am unable to extricate myself, and am, in consequence, dragged along face downward, until the driver restores me to a perpendicular position.

During the progress of the drive I observe that my attendant appears intimately acquainted with every passer-by, and invariably addresses each as his brother. I am at a loss to discover the necessity of so general a recognition of relationship, until I ascertain it to be the current coin of courtesy in his grade of society.

My attendant has, furthermore, a playful manner of addressing his dogs in relays of profanity, discreetly veiled by being delivered in the heathen tongues; and, entertaining a special hatred of his wheel-dog, he flicks him constantly with the sharp thongs of his whip.

There is, also, an implicit faith on his part in my ability to understand the dialects of the Six Nations, and he addresses me, from time to time, in any one which his fancy may dictate.

I become gradually more accustomed to the motion of the sledge, but am still possessed with a vague sense of insecurity, until the half-breed seizes the rope at the end of the conveyance, which he uses as a rudder. I am next seized with the idea that my attendant—who is running at the rate of six miles an hour, in his efforts to keep up with the dogs—not being endowed with the constitution of a government mule, may by some possibility become short of wind, and leave me to accomplish the remainder of the distance alone; but am soon reassured by the sublimated state which his profanity attains.

On reaching the house, I am discharged from the sledge by some occult process known to the driver, and experience the sensation of having been packed away in a case, and taken suddenly out to be aired.

The yard surrounding the house, and the reception-room, are already crowded by my host's relatives and invited friends, who are walking promiscuously about, and talking in an hilarious manner. When my benumbed limbs have become sufficiently supple to effect an entrance, I am at once surrounded by the guests, who give expression to their delight in a variety of ways, and conduct me to an adjoining chamber, beseeching me to enter and disrobe, and be refreshed.

Encompassed as I am, it is no easy matter to reach the apartment, where I find my host, surrounded by discarded raiment and bottles, standing in state.

After the first greetings are over, and I

have swallowed the fiery compound provided for the inner man, I pause to take a mental note of the surroundings. "I observe that my host appears already in some measure overcome by the labors of reception, and is arrayed in garments of a bewildering variety of color, his hair ornamented by one solitary feather. My host's relatives are making themselves useful as far as lies in their power, and are endeavoring to renew their exhausted energies by frequently bearing away the empty bottles into an adjoining room to be refilled. I remark that all the apartments are thick with smoke. There is a continuous series of applications to a box, placed upon a chair, containing a mixture of cut tobacco and the bark of the gray willow, and the odor arising therefrom is of an extremely pungent and aromatic nature. Of furniture in the house there is none worth mentioning; furniture in this latitude being represented by a few stools, deal tables, and wooden trunks. I note that the female portion of the assembly are distributed about in positions of charming freedom; some sitting on the laps of the male guests, others surrounding the male necks with their arms, and yet others laughing and chatting with a sweet, inconstant air among themselves.

I remark that the guests, of both sexes, are of varied shades of color, from the clear, deep copper, to the delicate blond, but that all possess the same unvarying black hair and eyes. Furthermore, the language spoken is polyglot, being an admixture of French, English, and several Indian dialects.

Well as I am acquainted with myself, I am amazed at the consummate hypocrisies I display in assuming an intimate acquaintance with them all, when my rascally driver has given it out as an indisputable fact.

At this point I become conscious that the bewitching Pauline, fairest of maidens, is regarding me with a fixed stare. At my request, her venerated progenitor presents me, when she kisses me upon the cheek. Being reminded of biblical as well as French custom on this point, I at once turn the other cheek, which she salutes in a like manner. As I do not observe that she blushes, or that her father objects, I conclude it to be one of the customs of the country, and am inwardly rejoiced at the bliss which is yet in store.

Mademoiselle Pauline introduces me to her betrothed, a dark youth, with the straight features of the aboriginal, who seems rather overcome with his felicity, and talks feelingly to me of *as petite Pauline*, and, on my congratulations, overwhelms me with proffers of service.

I note that the conviviality of the guests is only interrupted by the accession of a new arrival; that the females smile sweetly upon him, and the men play about him in boisterous manner. The new arrival is surrounded as I have been, and conducted into the chamber of robes and refreshments, where his conductors join him in festive libations to his health.

This excites a spirit of emulation among the guests, and each arrival is accompanied by an increased number of ushers, who strive to do him honor. It is further productive of an excited and affectionate state of feeling;

the females are hugged more frequently and thoroughly, and certain exuberant spirits betray an inclination "to cut pigeon-wings without a musical accompaniment."

The betrothed of Pauline comes to me, and talks earnestly and incoherently of *son ange de son cœur*, and clings to my buttons with charming familiarity.

I am inducted by the gushing Pauline into the depths of the back-kitchen, to pay my respects to her mother, with whom I have a previous acquaintance. She receives me with cordiality, and embraces me with a knife and fork in her hands, which endanger the safety of my visual organs to an alarming extent. I am, however, appeased by an osculatory performance on both cheeks, which would have been infinitely more agreeable coming from her daughter.

I am assured of the excellence of the repast to be served, by the delicious odor arising from the kettles, and from the numerous spits turning slowly before the huge fireplace, and of its prospective extent, by the joints of bison, and the multiplicity of smaller game displayed upon the dresser.

I am reminded of there being "a time to dance," by the gathering of the guests in the apartments devoted to that exercise, and by the tuning up of a mangy and enervated violin, which produces a sensation on the tympanum not unlike the filing of a saw. The musician, too, seems to suffer from a chronic attack of St. Vitus's dance, confined to the head, and thumps monotonously upon the floor, with moccasined feet, keeping time to his music.

A festively-attired youth, with intensely Indian features, proceeds to call off the measures of the dance, in a corruption of the musical language of *la belle France*.

The dances do not partake of the nature of the dreamy waltz, or the mild mazourka, but rather of the wild eccentricities of the jig and physical labor of the reel. The volatile half-breed requires something vigorous and exciting in his amusements.

The disciples of Terpsichore, male and female, take positions upon the floor, and, after preliminary courtesy, start off in the jig; the remainder of the guests looking on with admiring eyes. After a few minutes, a young man jigs across the floor, and usurps the place of the first performer, and the female is shortly relieved by another of her sex, who is soon superseded by yet another. So it continues, until all the company have taken turns upon the floor.

I am matriculating for a stoic, yet confess to irreverent laughter at the trembling forms of the dancers, who perform with a nervous energy and excitement that is indescribable.

At times there is an evident desire exhibited by the favorite performers to test the capacity of their legs and the soundness of their wind, by earnest efforts to dance each other down. On these occasions the audience become intensely sympathetic, and encourage their favorite champion by words of superlative endearment. I hear my neighbor apostrophizing the lady thus:

"Oh, my little dear! what legs you have got! You are entirely too much for that little frog! When you are done, you shall have a

drink, my daughter! Ah, holy Moses, what power! what endurance! You could outrun the deer, *mon mignon!* Well, will you win, *ma bichette!* *Sacre!* you are down, eh!"

Then come the reels, performed by six or eight dancers, who circle about in an energetic way, and, when exhausted, retire and give place to others. There is no cessation, save when the artist, wielding the instrument of Paganini, signifies to the parched condition of his throat by becoming slower in his touch.

As the dance continues, the excitement grows more intense, and the civilized and heathen dialects are more inextricably mixed up.

The performers are unwearied in their efforts, and, when forced to retire from the field, are covered with perspiration. I am convinced of the democratic nature of the assembly, by seeing my uncivilized driver of dogs embraced in the number of the dancers. But it is becoming infectious.

I am seized with a desire to join in the Terpsichorean maze, and, finding Pauline, I plunge into the intricacies of a reel. I am no match, however, for that matrimonially-inclined young woman, and, after a few turns, find myself swinging off at a tangent, like the loose finger of a compass. I am alarmed at the complicated machinery I have set going, but am, ere long, swung off to a wooden chest by the excited Pauline, who exhibits some inclination to encamp on my knees. That being a weak point in my anatomy, I forego the pleasure by sliding quickly to the end of the box, upon which the enthusiastic maiden sits down solidly.

I discover that the gyrations of the dance have produced a dizziness about the head, and a nausea in the stomach, to which I am unaccustomed. As it increases, I "swear off" dancing, and devote my talents to observation and pleasant chats with my friend Pierrette.

Employed in this manner, I fail for some time to note the greasy mouths and fingers of many of the guests. When I do so, and the consciousness dawns upon me that these are certain indications of supper, I at once retire to the depths, registering a vow to partake of every dish upon the table.

I am assured that the engaged Pauline, and her fair sisters, do not feed alone upon ambrosia, from witnessing their prowess with knife and fork at table. What the delicate sex of civilization would think of such an exhibition of carnivorous appetite, is beyond my penetration. The viands consist wholly of meats, flanked by wheaten cakes, baked in the ashes.

My *vis-à-vis* announces the termination of his meal, by asking the maiden whom he attends whether she is full (!) She replies that she is full. Imitating their example, I return to the ballroom in a gorged and semi-dormant condition.

The dance still continues with unabated vigor, although now well toward morning. I note, however, the mysterious disappearance, from time to time, of the dancers, who reappear at unexpected intervals with a certain frouzy air, which, nevertheless, quickly disappears under the excitement of the dance.

Impelled by curiosity, I pursue a retreat-

ing form, and am led to a distant part of the mansion, where I find, stretched out upon the floor, the recumbent forms of the missing guests. From time to time, as many as are requisite to keep up the festivities, are awakened; and, being forthwith revived with raw spirits, join in the dance with renewed vigor. Passing another apartment, I catch a glimpse of the female guests enjoying a similar *siesta*, and thus learn how the affair is continued for so long a period.

On arising in the morning, I am astonished to find the dancers of the previous night replaced by an entirely new set, of more mature age and aspect, who have dropped in to bear the burden of the festivities during the day. On the approach of night again, however, the former set resume their places, and thus it continues for a number of days.

After three days, I make my adieus to the pleasant family, and am whirled back to civilization by my demoralized driver of dogs, fully satisfied with my experience of a half-breed Indian ball.

H. M. ROBINSON,
Late Vice-Consul at Winnipeg, B. N. A.

PARISIAN SHOPS AND SHOPPING.

THE shops in Paris are as diverse in style and size as can possibly be imagined. They range from the huge *magasins de Louvre* and *de la Paix*, which spread over a whole block, down to the tiny *boutique*, niched in an odd corner, and just large enough to contain the shopkeeper and his merchandise—the buyer must stand outside. The first thing that strikes with wonderment a new-comer to this city is the vast number of shops of all kinds; and the natural question is, "Where in the world do they ever find people enough to purchase their contents, for all the world seems to be keeping store, and there is nobody left to buy?" But, when we remember that this is the one great shopping-place for the whole civilized world, we cease to wonder at the quantity and quality of the articles set forth to tempt purchasers in such overwhelming numbers.

The great novelty-stores, to translate literally their title of *magasins de nouveautés*, are comparatively recent institutions in Paris; they are contemporary growths with the huge hotels, none of which existed twenty years ago. The dry-goods shop of that epoch was content with a single plate-glass window, or, at most, two, in a side street, and made no great outward display, being content to owe its custom to its well-established reputation, and the elegance and excellence of its wares. Of such a character, and still maintaining the style and faith of its older traditions, is the celebrated *Maison Gagelin*, a house which, in its quiet but long-protracted existence, has outlived hundreds of more brilliant, but also more ephemeral, establishments.

Let us drop in for a moment at this long-lived and quiet place, that seeks no publicity by outward show or glaring advertisements, and which the seeker for attractive dress-

goods in Paris would most probably pass by without notice. Situated on the once fashionable but now almost rocco Rue de Richelieu, in the neighborhood of hotels that, in other days, were the best known and most frequented of Paris, now, like the street itself, fallen somewhat into the sear and yellow leaf, it seems rather to shrink from than to desire publicity. It does not need it; a *clientèle* of unusual size and distinction renders any appeal to general purchasers unnecessary. Its customers are usually Russians of the highest rank, with a moderate percentage of English and Americans; but without enough of the latter to exercise that injurious influence over its style which my fair countrywomen are only too apt to exert in their thirst for striking and conspicuous attire. It is a well-known fact in Paris that the reputation of one large house here has been totally destroyed among the Parisian *élégantes* by the ruinous effect produced by a *clientèle* almost wholly American. The Maison Gagelin is also the house that sends out pattern-dresses for many of the large houses in London, and notably for the splendid establishment of Swann & Edgar. But we are lingering too long on the threshold; let us enter, first pausing to observe that the large plate-glass windows display nothing more striking than a few widths of delicate-colored silks, and a shawl or two. You enter, and find yourself in a spacious apartment, with one or two grave-looking gentlemen seated at their desks, and an usher, who waits to know your wishes. There are some shawls spread out on framework around the room; but, with that exception, there is no trace of dry-goods visible. Your purpose is dresses; so you are politely requested to ascend to the first floor, which you do, while a bell, sounded from below, summons the attendants up-stairs to wait upon you. On reaching the first floor, you find yourself in another square room, lined with shelving, on which repose folded silks, with here and there a single breadth flung out to show some new color or fabric. On either side an open door invites you to enter the show-rooms, which, lined on all sides with broad divans, cushioned with dark-blue velvet, except where the end is closed in with a vast wardrobe with oaken doors, still shows no trace of their purpose, or of the hidden loveliness you have come to see, save in two stands, each supporting a single dress or cloak. But, at the summons of the bell, there come hastening to you the presiding genii of this Ali-Baba home of dress, whose open sesame you have pronounced, and whose treasures are about to be offered for your inspection. One of these attendants is usually an English girl; the other is always a Frenchwoman, chosen for her graceful carriage and stylish figure, for she it is who serves as a model to try on dresses and mantles; and, alas! we benighted women are apt to imagine, if we see a fellow-woman looking elegant and stylish in any article of attire, that we, no matter what the difference in our shape and height may be, are going to look just the same when in the same costume. And now from mysterious recesses in chest and wardrobe are produced exquisite marvels of dress, each one lovelier than the last, and all bearing the stamp of the delicate and re-

fined taste which has always characterized, even in the wildest days of imperial extravagance, the productions of the Maison Gagelin. Nor need the would-be purchaser hesitate to order, fearing any cheat or trickery in the execution of his or her commands, for the house is a perfectly trustworthy one, and there are no such little games practised as asking one price before the dress is made, and charging half as much again when it is finished, or changing the material selected for one of similar appearance and inferior quality, both of which are very common forms of Parisian trickery. And, when the dress is finished, it will be found to be exquisite in taste, and faultless in fit—a very marvel of the dressmaker's art. Besides, the prices of this house are far more adaptable than that of other first-class dress-makers in this extravagant city; for, if the purchaser states the price he means to give, there will be every effort made to get up a toilet that will meet his views. But we have lingered long enough in this one establishment; yet, before we take our leave, let us glance at the curious little pencil-drawing which hangs on the wall of the fitting-room, and which represents Marie Antoinette making purchases at La Providence, the former name of this old and well-known house.

Turn we now to the large, loud, uproarious Magasin des Nouveautés, the very antipodes of the shop we have just been considering, and differing from it as widely as does a republic from a constitutional monarchy. Of these great beehives of commerce, Paris now possesses quite a number, the most noted of which are the magasins du Louvre, de la Paix, and the far-famed Bon Marché. This last, situated on the wrong side of the river, and in the very heart of what once was old Paris, is the only one capable of contesting with Stewart's for the honor of being considered the largest retail dry-goods store in the world. It spreads over a vast area of ground, running as it does from the Rue du Bac to the Rue Velpeau, while its wide frontage, richly ornamented with sculpture, extends on the side toward the Rue du Sèvres. The huge plate-glass windows are crowded with showy articles, ticketed with tempting prices—umbrellas (alpaca) for two dollars, silk ones for three; handkerchiefs of linen, with embroidered initials, for thirty cents and upward; ladies' under-garments, delicately stitched and tucked and worked, for one dollar and twenty cents; and other astonishing bargains. Within, it is a perfect beehive—a crowd of purchasers coming and going, and crowd of shopmen talking, recommending, rushing to and fro with parcels, and looking after things generally. Here is a counter loaded with cheap ribbon (seventeen cents a yard), of every hue and shade imaginable; and, around that counter, the buyers, mostly women, are clustered in rows three and four deep. A little farther on an equally animated crowd is struggling over a pile of silk neckties at thirty cents each, while a heap of fancy dress-goods, surmounted by a huge placard announcing "Grand Rabais—all these at three francs ninety-five centimes per yard," has attracted an almost equal number. In the centre of the building go up the winding staircases that lead to the

upper regions, these staircases surrounding an open space beneath; and here one can look up to the top of the building (no great height, by-the-way, for the four stories of which it consists have all low ceilings), and very gay and pretty do the sides of the staircases look, hung as they are with gay silks, shawls, rugs, and all sorts of bright-colored draperies, while overhead, long lines of the cheap ribbons, which seem to be the specialty of this house, are stretched from side to side, making a brilliant and varied net-work, bright with all the hues of the rainbow. Up-stairs are the rooms devoted to dress-making, *lingerie*, carpets, etc., and also a very elegant luncheon and reading room, paneled with dark wood and with a superbly frescoed ceiling, where the wearied lady-shopper may repose, and, while nibbling a sponge-cake and sipping a glass of syrup-and-water, glance over the pages of the *London Times* or the *New-York Herald*, for most leading English and American papers are to be found on the table, as well as the French papers and periodicals, including even the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The majority of the articles for sale in this great house are undoubtedly more reasonable than are those in the other large shops in Paris, and especially the line of ladies' under-garments, which are to be found here in incredible quantities, and at fabulously low prices. But, so far as rich and elegant costumes of silk and velvet are concerned, I doubt if they are to be had much lower than they are to be found in the establishments of the leading dress-makers. Some idea of the gigantic size of this huge place may be gained from the fact that its employés number nine hundred and fifteen, while there are eighty horses and forty wagons in its service. And yet, as a building, it is not nearly so effective as Stewart's, for the reason that the lowness of the ceilings and the comparative obscurity caused thereby, much hinder the general effect, while the floors are too much crowded with movable counters and shelving, to give any good idea of the really great extent of the whole. I have seen nowhere in Paris any store that at all rivals Stewart's in beauty, especially in the fine effect of the grand rotundas, and the thorough order which prevails everywhere, to say nothing of the abundant light and perfect ventilation, and the convenient arrangements for the comfort and guidance of shoppers. One thing must be said in favor of the Bon Marché—namely, that its employés no longer see fit to annoy every new-comer, by rushing at him or her with clamorous appeals to purchase, and incessant questions as to what is wanted, and where, and how much? and shall they show this or that, and will madame look at these wonderful bargains? All that is changed now, and it is possible to visit this noteworthy establishment without being hunted and screamed at by a pack of noisy shopmen, and wellnigh worried to death, as used to be the case in all the large shops of Paris a few years ago.

The Magasin du Louvre, situated underneath the great Hôtel du Louvre, and stretching from the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue St. Honoré, with a third frontage on the Rue de Marengo, proudly arrogates to itself the title

of the largest shop in the world, which it really is not, as both Le Bon Marché and Stewart's are much larger. It does cover a great extent of ground, but it is only two stories high, and, the upper story being devoted mostly to work-rooms, its only field for display is the ground floor. The dress-goods at this establishment are very beautiful, and the proprietors have the special right to certain lines of celebrated silks. And, *d'après* of French silks, I have been told that Swiss and German silks, by reason of their superior cheapness, are actually crowding French silks out of the Parisian market. The reason for this superior cheapness seems to be incredible, and I would hesitate to record it here were it not that my informant was a French gentleman who seemingly spoke with full knowledge of his subject. He told me that many of the leading manufacturers of Lyons still refuse to employ steam in their factories, so that their hand-loom-made products are necessarily much more costly than are those of foreign manufacturers with more advanced ideas. Fancy employing hand-power in weaving in these latter days of the nineteenth century! I can scarcely believe it.

And it is very odd that, with all the annual influx of Americans to Paris, and the immense extent of their dealings with Parisian shopkeepers, the latter should not yet have learned to adapt many of their customs to suit our actual wants. For instance, it is extremely difficult to find in Paris a dress-maker who is willing to make up a lady's own materials without charging her nearly as much for making the dress as the whole toilet would have cost had she herself furnished the material. And yet, when one remembers how many ladies buy poplins in Dublin, velvet in Genoa, or black silks (the richest and best in the world) at Antwerp, one would imagine that such a need would long ere this have been supplied. Then, too, the petty system of cheating which is so prevalent here—that eternal grasping after a few francs beyond the actual price of an article, which is so much more annoying in itself than is the loss of the actual money—why will they not learn that we have been used to fair and honest dealing when we go to make purchases, and that a contrary course merely disgusts and repels us? Nor is it always safe to offer them a price below that which they mention. I heard of an American gentleman, who, being in quest of cravats, saw some in a window that pleased him, and went in to purchase them. Finding the price, as he thought, rather high, he offered to take a dozen if the shopkeeper would let him have them at a certain reduction, which offer was refused. He quitted the shop and looked a little further, but, finding no cravats that suited him so well, he returned to the first shop, and said he would take the cravats at the shopkeeper's original price. To his amazement, the man refused to let him have them *at all*—feeling, probably, insulted by my friend's original offer.

These shopkeepers of Paris have, too, a process of reasoning about their prices which would be funny if it were not at once senseless and annoying, and that is, that, when business is bad, they ought to charge higher prices,

as they have fewer opportunities of making money—just the reverse of the plan which an American shopkeeper would adopt under similar circumstances. An American lady, on her way home just after the first great battles of the Franco-Prussian War, stopped a few days in Paris, and, as the siege then appeared inevitable, she went to the shops where she had been in the habit of dealing, with the intention of procuring a large stock of goods to take home. She found every thing nearly doubled in price beyond what she had found it in the spring, and, on asking the reason, she received the piteous reply, "Ah, madame, you see we have so few customers now that we are forced to make our profits out of those we have!" Which was *naïve* if not very wise.

There is also another annoyance to which American shoppers are subjected, nor is it one of the least, and that is the system of forcing people to purchase, whether they wish to buy the proffered article or not. This method of proceeding is usually very successful with newly-arrived American ladies, for we, being accustomed to the courtesy and straightforward dealings of an American store, are not prepared to encounter such tricks with the sternness and resolution which can alone repress them. For instance, an American lady went lately to the establishment of a celebrated dress-maker to have a dress tried on, and, in the course of the process, she remarked that she had some idea of buying a cashmere polonaise. Instantly one was produced and put upon her as she stood there.

"It does not fit me—it is too large," she remonstrated. "Besides, I have not yet decided to purchase one."

"It can be altered in a minute to fit madame charmingly."

"But I do not like altered things, and I do not want it," still remonstrated the literally much-put-upon lady. The garment was removed, and, thinking the question was settled, she turned her attention to the other dress, when lo! the polonaise again made its appearance, ripped and basted to fit her, and was whipped on her before she could turn around. Of course, the matter ended by the purchase of the polonaise, but that was her last appearance at that dress-maker's establishment, and, in a year from now, should she remain so long in Europe, she will have learned how to repel any such attempts at imposition.

Going shopping in Paris is, or rather ought to be, the very acme of enjoyment in that line. To buy bonnets, dresses, jewelry, etc., in the very spot where grow and flourish these scions of the original fig-tree from which Mother Eve plucked her first petticoat, ought certainly to be as perfect a treat in its way as plucking oranges in the groves of Italy, or peaches in the orchards of Delaware. But, alas! it is not always so. The grapes of French shopping must too often be gathered from thorns, and the unlucky wayfarer may chance to have the very skin taken off of his fingers in the process. The purse of Fortunatus, the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, and the cunning of a fox—such are the qualities needed by those who go shopping in Paris. LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONSTANCY.

JUST o'er the dead-black crest
Of the bare hill one star has rest,
And sparkles in the hollow yellow west.

Almost the night has come;
Long sweeps of reedy marsh lie dumb
Below the gull's flight and the gray gnats' hum.

She stands against the sea,
Watches the night about to be,
Watches the breakers break and form and flee.

"O love! where'er you bide,
I know, with happy, thankful pride,
You yearn to linger at my loving side.

"You yearn to see my face
In whatsoever strange, fair place
You dwell, and gird me with your glad embrace."

So, bound with love's dear bond,
She makes her murmur proud and fond
To him that tarries leagues and leagues beyond.

And he, in far warm lands,
Near a great starlit cypress stands,
Prisoning with his own, two slim, brown hands.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

MISCELLANY.

A FRENCH CONSPIRACY.

IT is all very well for the Princess d'Austerlitz to spend her leisure in political conspiracy, for her husband was a great dignitary under the late reign, and cannot be expected to look with the eye of favor upon a régime which counts him for nothing. The princess is rich, too, and powerful. Few people dare to snub her; and to arrest either herself or her husband, as is done with dangerous persons who bawl "Vive l'Empereur!" in the streets, would be out of the question. Besides, her husband approves of her conspiring, and that is enough. But the case is somewhat different with Mme. de Sabretache, whose husband, poor Colonel Sabretache, has no taste for plotting against established governments under pretense of buying chargers. This M. Sabretache loved the emperor, of course—he was paid and promoted to do so; but he likes MacMahon too, and has accepted the command of a regiment from him with a friendly shake of the hand and an exhortation to be faithful. The shake of the hand from the marshal was in particular very gratifying to Colonel Sabretache, and at heart he cannot really see that France is in so much the worse for the exit of the Bonapartes. His cigars taste as well as they did formerly, his absinthe has not deteriorated, and, as to the scarcity of balls and parties, of which Mme. de Sabretache so pitifully complains, the colonel is ready to swear that madame does not spend six evenings at home throughout the winter season, and that her dress-maker's bills have by no means kept step with the alleged diminution of trade-profits. So it ruffles the feelings of this man of duty to find his wife driving about Paris all day with subscription-lists in her hands, returning home jaded for dinner with piles of muslin or satin violets in her brougham, and dashing away again before dessert is fairly on the table to vote resolutions round the tray in Mme. d'Austerlitz's boudoir. Then

he meets curious forms of strangers on the staircase—seedy men putting coins into their pockets—and learns that these are earnest Bonapartists in reduced circumstances, who would pine miserably if their journey to Chiselhurst was not paid for them. Moreover, going out one morning, he notices a queer-looking person pacing on the pavement, and guesses, by the cut of him, that he must be a detective sent to watch the house. This, however, is too much to be borne, and, with a flaming face, Colonel Sabretache turns back, clammers up his staircase, and intercepts his wife just as she is sallying forth, bravely attired, gloved, and bonneted.

"Where are you going, my dear?" he asks, with the air of a man who is determined to show all the moral courage there is in him for once in a way.

"Oh, don't stop me, please," answers the lady, with a busy gesture; "it is to-day we are going to see the charger we've bought; such a beauty you never saw—all white, with a pink nose."

"I don't see the use of that pink-nosed charger," answers the colonel, with reckless emphasis, as he takes up his position on the hearth-rug.

"Not see the use of him? Why, he's meant to ride on, and will have a purple-velvet saddle-cloth!" exclaims Mme. de Sabretache, her blue eyes circling with astonishment. "He's the horse that Napoleon IV. will mount when he comes back to save this nation!"

"But, my dear," responds the colonel, stamping his foot to make him feel himself more valiant, "do you think France depends for her safety on a boy of eighteen?"

"Boy of eighteen!" pouts Mme. de Sabretache, as if here now were a blasphemy such as she had never heard before. "Why, I am surprised at you; he is the rightful master of you and me, and all of us; and he is a most lovable boy, with eyes just like his mother's."

"Yes, his mother is a charming person, and so is he, and they're a charming family," ejaculates the colonel, impatiently; "but it comes to this—I don't want to be cashiered as a conspirator. There's a detective down below, and one of these days you may find half a dozen of them up-stairs. Pay your subscription for this horse if you like, but as to your going to see him, I—I—in fact, I won't have it."

These are courageous words, and an agitating silence follows their delivery. Then Mme. de Sabretache throws herself on the sofa, in tears, most natural under the circumstances, and, very bitter, is heard sobbing:

"I know what it is, you want to break my heart; but I'll go into a convent, and never be seen again. I cannot live to face the day when all the little boys will point their fingers at you in the street, and say, 'That's the man who was unfaithful to his emperor!'"

The colonel casts a mild expletive in the direction of the coal-scuttle, and stalks out routed. A few minutes later madame, having dried her eyes, speeds away, not toward the convent, but to see the pink-nosed charger, as if nothing had happened.

The colonel, however, though repulsed with ignominy, as a man must needs be who meddles in matters too high for him—the colonel strides off to Tortoni's, and there meets his friend Colonel Pomponnette sadly chewing a *londrè*, and looking as melancholy as himself. Pomponnette and Sabretache are both in the same predicament: that is, Pomponnette has been smitten, too, hip-and-thigh, in trying to stare that pink-nosed gift-horse in the mouth; and the two, comparing notes, look as dejected a pair of troopers as any to be seen in Paris. So dejected, in truth, that young Colonel de Cassecarreau,

coming in to breakfast, and happening to catch sight of them, laughs, accosts them, and inquires, pleasantly, "What's up?" There is no reason why these two colonels should conceal any thing from Cassecarreau. He is a man of the world, very companionable, and, though he did rise so fast to his colonelcy through drawing-room influence, he is just the man to give valuable advice as to how ladies should be managed. So Sabretache and Pomponnette pour out their dismal souls to him, omitting naught nor setting down aught in malice; but sighing frequently in the pauses of their narration, as if all their words were so many grinder-teeth being drawn. Cassecarreau laughs anew, and says:

"Do you really want to prevent those ladies from ever dabbling in politics again? If you do, I'll furnish you an infallible specific."

Both the colonels declare they would pay francs unnumbered for the specific, and heretofore Cassecarreau suggests a breakfast up-stairs to arrange every thing in secret and carefully. The breakfast takes place, and a long, cheery one it is. The waiter flashing in and out with the dishes can overhear the words, "Vincennes," "imprisonment," "terror," "tears," etc., and the three colonels appear to grow merrier and merrier over these unmirthful substantives. Nothing can exceed the hilarity of their features as they separate by-and-by on the steps of Tortoni's, Cassecarreau saying, "Leave it all to me," and the other two replying, "*Au revoir, à minuit!*"

That night toward twelve o'clock, Mme. de Sabretache, coming home from Mme. d'Austerlitz's, is in good spirits and a forgiving mood, for she noticed that her husband was humble, not to say penitential, during dinner, offering no further objections to the pink-nosed horse, and leaving her quite free, as usual, to spend her evening where she pleased. If he were at home, she would generously pardon him for his unmanly outburst in the morning, but he happens to be out, and she is just conning over the indulgent things she will say to him on his return, when she is startled by an ugly knock at the door. A most peremptory knock it is, sharp and short, a thing calculated at midnight to make one's blood stop. All the servants are gone to bed except madame's maid, so it is this timid young person who goes to open the door on the flat, and as soon as she has turned the key utters a panic-stricken shriek. At the same time four bearded men, stepping through the vestibule, pass into madame's room, and the foremost of them says, lifting his hat:

"Madame, we arrest you in the name of the law."

"Arrest me!" gasps Mme. de Sabretache, her tongue cleaving to her palate in very horror.

"Arrest you for conspiring the overthrow of the government—that is, for treason," continued the bearded man, firmly. "You will please to come with us at once, for we have orders to convey you to Vincennes."

To attempt to describe the ghastliness of that scene would be a vain work. If fainting could be of any use, madame would swoon at once; if screaming could avail, she would throw open the windows and awaken the neighborhood; but the four bearded men will not so much as let her change her dress. She must wrap herself up warm, and come off to the cab down-stairs without a moment's loss of time; those are the orders, and madame obeys the orders in a state of collapse which would rend the hearts of any four real detectives who had to convey so pretty a woman to a fortress. Happily these are not real detectives, but disguised officers, friends of that ingenious Colonel Cassecarreau's; and right well they play their parts when the cab

has landed Mme. de Sabretache at a small house near the Vincennes fort, and when she is conducted up-stairs to be interrogated by three other officers in full uniform and spectacles. These officers do not conceal from her that it is M. de Brôglie's fixed purpose to send her to the Island of St. Marguerite in punishment for her seditious doings; but they admit that she may yet be freed if her husband will go bail for her being of good behavior for the rest of her days. Here might be a triumphant opportunity for poor Colonel Sabretache to decline going bail for any such thing until tears and supplications had softened his heart; but he was equal to the occasion at once, and chivalrously consents. He pretends to have hastened after his wife with post speed as soon as he heard of her arrest; and it is a pathetic spectacle enough when the honest fellow puts his pen to paper, and signs a declaration that his wife shall never more disobey him. The officers, however, stipulate for something more than this. They feel bound to warn madame that, if she divulges aught of this matter, the government will arrest her again, lest the rumor of their ill-timed leniency should act as a perilous incentive to other rebels.

But there is no fear of madame's betraying the secret, nor will Mme. de Pomponnette, whose night has been made hideous by a similar adventure, betray it. We add with some concern that since this gloomy affair the cause of "little Isidore" has lost two most energetic supporters.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

DUELS BETWEEN WOMEN.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

One of the contributors to the *Allgemeine Familien-Zeitung* has recently had the curiosity to collect a number of the most noted and best authenticated cases of dueling that have taken place between the members of the gentler sex. From the article we extract the following. The writer says:

Duels between women, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were by no means rare. France, especially, the land of chivalry, furnishes a long list of noteworthy examples.

The first case we shall cite was one which grew out of the gallantries of the famous Duke de Richelieu. A Don Juan of the worst type, the duke was in the habit of making his secretary the confidant of his intrigues. As it cost him no effort to swear fidelity to Susanna to-day, to Johanna to-morrow, and the next day to sacrifice them both for Marianna; so, at the same time, he for a while amused himself at the expense of the Marquise de Nele and Madame de Polignac. Each of them supposed, of course, that she was sole mistress of his affections.

One morning, as the duke sat over his coffee, his secretary handed him, together with other letters, two that had all the appearance of *billet doux*. These his grace handed back to the secretary, with the request that he would read them. The first one ran thus:

"MON CHER AMI: For three whole days I have not seen you! These long separations rob existence of its value. When shall I see you again?

"As ever, your

"MARQUISE DE NELE."

"Poor child!" said the duke, smiling. The secretary opened the other note and read:

"It seems an age since I saw you. A horrid dream has made me restless. When shall I see you?"

"Faithfully, your

"COMTESSE DE POLIGNAC."

"What time is it?" asked the duke, after giving a moment to reflection.

"Eleven o'clock, your grace."

"Have we any appointments for this afternoon?"

"No, none."

"Very well, write to the two ladies that I hope to have the pleasure of seeing them at my villa this afternoon—the one at two, the other at four o'clock. And let your messenger go at once."

Unfortunately, the secretary inadvertently asked both ladies to come at two o'clock. The consequence was, that they treated his grace to one of the most stormy and painful scenes that could well be imagined.

The following morning Madame de Polignac sent her rival a summons to meet her in single and deadly combat. The Marquise de Neale accepted the challenge without hesitation, chose the pistol as the weapon, and designated the Bois de Boulogne, of course, as the place of meeting.

They were both punctual. The murderer's weapons were loaded, and the distance measured off.

"Fire!" said Madame de Polignac to her antagonist, "but take good care that you do not miss me; if you do, you may be sure I shall not miss you."

The marquise aimed and fired, but the only damage she did was to shoot off two or three little branches of a bush that chanced to be in her range.

"My indignation made my hand unsteady," said she, with a frown.

"Now it is my turn," cried Madame de Polignac.

She took deliberate aim, and shot away a diminutive piece of the marquise's right ear.

The marquise fell to the ground as though she had been shot through the heart, crying out, "Oh, I am wounded! Madame, I pardon you!"

Madame de Saint-Belmont was a masculine sort of woman. Her husband, while in the service of the Duke of Lorraine, fell on the field of honor. After this event, madame determined to manage her own affairs, and especially to look personally after her interests on her landed estates, which were large. She therefore spent much of her time in the saddle, and indeed in the costume of the contemporary dandy. To numberless other adventures and caprices she added that of insisting on fitting a duel with a young man who was enamored of her wit and bright eyes. She rewarded his devotion by forbidding him to approach her; but love is sometimes deaf as well as blind. In this instance it is possible that the cavalier put the seeming invulnerability of the lady down to affection. Be that as it may, meeting her one day in a wood, where she had alighted to pick some berries, he threw himself at her feet; but, to his protestations of love and devotion, the hard-hearted Madame de Saint-Belmont replied:

"You are challenged. To-morrow I will run my sword through you."

And it was as she said it should be: the young man was killed by the hand of her whom he loved more than life. But hardly had he breathed his last, when his fair antagonist was seized with the keenest remorse. She threw herself upon his dead body and wept bitterly. From that day she was entirely changed; she became very devoted to the Church, heard mass twice daily, wrote three religious tragedies, and gave a large share of her income to different religious orders. Her indignation at the young cavalier was only an inexplicable caprice; she had, in fact, unconsciously loved him, as the sequel fully proved.

A similar but less tragic case is related by Tallemand:

Madame Château-Gay de Murat had a

lover in the person of a certain Monsieur de Codières. One day she thought herself justified in believing that he was unfaithful. All his protestations were of no avail. She challenged him to single combat, and, whether he would or no, he was compelled to accept.

De Codières appeared on the ground promptly, and was in an exceedingly gay humor, for he looked upon the affair as simply a jest on the part of his lady-love. He soon, however, became convinced of his error and that she was in furious earnest, for very soon a well-directed thrust came near sending him to the land "whence no traveler returns." From the determined manner in which she attacked him, he saw that he must be on his guard. He determined, therefore, to tire his charming antagonist out, in which endeavor, in the course of half an hour, he was so successful that she let her sword fall from sheer exhaustion. De Codières now placed his weapon against her breast and asked, "Well?"

A look full of love was her only reply, whereupon De Codières dropped his sword, and clasped her in his arms.

In consequence of a simple dispute that took place during the course of a performance, the celebrated French actress, Baupré, challenged one of her colleagues, Mlle. Catharine d'Urlis, to single combat, and furthermore insisted on fighting immediately. In her rage she went to the property-room and brought two swords to the green-room. Mlle. d'Urlis accepted the challenge, and was severely wounded in the neck.

Colombey mentions a number of duels fought by the dark-eyed daughters of the Iberian Peninsula. Here the leading rôle is played by the *navaja*, the short, dagger-like knife which the Spaniard carries in his belt. In rage and indifference to death no women of the world surpass the Spanish. Their hatred is like a stream of molten lava—it destroys every thing that comes in its way. And with their passionate natures they combine great native cleverness. A single example will suffice to illustrate these characteristic traits:

Two manolas—girls of the middle classes—of Madrid contended for the possession of a rich Andalusian. They determined to let a hand-to-hand combat settle the dispute. One bright May morning, therefore, armed with daggers and *navajas*, and accompanied by their seconds, they drove out at the Alcalá gate. The understanding was, that only one of them should return alive. But, just as they reached the spot chosen for the bloody work, they were approached by three policemen, who arrested both principals and seconds.

The manolas laughed disdainfully, and followed good-humoredly to the nearest police-station.

"Señor," said one of the would-be duelists to the officer on duty, "these gentlemen, contrary to all law and right, have wilfully interfered with our personal liberty."

"That we shall see," replied the *empleado*, with becoming official gravity. "Officer, what charge have you to make against these *señoras*?"

"Señor," replied the policeman, "I had good reasons for believing that the prisoners were about to fight a duel to the death. For that reason we have brought them before your honor, that they may be punished according to law."

"If you please, señor," one of the prisoners replied, "we have done nothing, nor were we about to do any thing for which we can be legally punished."

Thereupon the girl pointed out to the astonished official that the law for the suppression of dueling applied to men only, they being specially mentioned in it and they only. The legal erudition of the young girl took the *empleado* completely by surprise, and per-

plexed him greatly. After a careful examination of the codex, he came to the conclusion that the law did not reach the case under consideration, and he was reluctantly compelled to release the prisoners, but not till he had obtained from them a promise that they would desist from their murderous design.

It is related that two girls in the royal tobacco factory recently had killed each other in a hand-to-hand contest. The mode adopted by the combatants was as romantic as it was barbarous. The antagonists, who were both about twenty years old, and remarkably handsome, repaired, one Sunday morning, accompanied by certain of their comrades, to a village some four or five miles distant, where they breakfasted sumptuously at different tables. The repast ended, they closed the window-curtains, stripped themselves to the waist, and requested their friends to leave the room. Then, at a given signal, they attacked each other with their *navajas*, and cut and slashed, and thrust, until both fell to the floor, mortally wounded! When a few minutes had elapsed, their friends reentered the room. Estefania, one of the combatants, had received ten wounds, from which she bled to death in about half an hour. Casilda, her antagonist, died somewhat sooner, from a gashily wound in the neck.

In this instance the authorities were less scrupulous than in the case of the two manolas. The participants in the horrid tragedy were arraigned and punished.

A VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL. (Original.)

THE Norwood home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall is well known to all their friends as "The Ferns." Never shall I forget the first impression the house made upon me—a real poet's home, set in a luxuriant framework of ferns and roses. Each side of the steps were pots of fern, which formed a green balustrade, and the tall rose-trees, mingling their blossoms with the green, gave a most picturesque effect. On each side of the door-way were deep bay-windows; the weather was so lovely, they were swung widely open; and, as we came up, I remember how pretty a background the rooms within made to all this floral loveliness outside.

Mr. Hall, who had seen us coming up the garden, opened the door himself. He is a grand-looking old gentleman in his appearance, suggesting a type for St. Paul. His white hair is long and silvery, his features strongly marked, showing both energy and reserve. His eyebrows jet black, and his eyes full of a peaceful light, which seems the reflex of the light which comes from neither sea nor shore. His vigorous, majestic frame is marvelous for his years; but, for the almost tender mildness of his manner, it might lead one to think of him with awe; but a few moments' conversation with him would leave all the reverence without any of the fear one would instinctively feel on a first meeting.

On —— saying to him—introducing one of the party—

"Mr. Hall, this is an American girl," he peered curiously at the young lady in question, and then laughingly exclaimed:

"American! oh, fie! for shame! I wouldn't be American for worlds!" but the tone was highly complimentary.

The hall we entered was wide and long, furnished, in English fashion, almost like a room, with pictures on the walls, a table, chairs, some pieces of statuary; among them a fine bust of the queen. To the left was the drawing-room door, where we were greeted by Mrs. Hall.

To form a just idea of how charming Mrs. Hall is in private life, one must see her—must

talk to her. In person, she is somewhat above the medium height, and with that indescribable grace of carriage and gesture which, in one of her size, I have observed in no woman but Charlotte Cushman. The face is full of dignity and sweetness; her smile, which comes slowly, as to a person whose nature was bright and sunny, but whom life had made thoughtful, gradually lights her face, making its expression sweet and innocent as a young girl's. She has a low, but full, soft, voice; and, while there is not the slightest affectation in her speech, every word is most appropriately and harmoniously chosen.

The long, bright drawing-room was like a museum to us—every picture, every book, every knick-knack, having a history. It was beautifully furnished. There were innumerable paintings; low, pretty easy-chairs; a wide, open hearth; a grand piano; and at each end French windows, with soft lace hangings—those at the lower, like the upper end, standing open, and affording us pretty glimpses of a green lawn and shady trees without. While we sat there talking, a brisk little old gentleman came down the garden-walk and past the windows. Mr. Hall exclaimed: "Why, there is Martin Tupper!" And, when that proverbially philosophical gentleman came in, our American wits deserted us! Visions of a school-room in the "long-ago" and hated copy-books arose! Had the bust of Homer descended and affably discussed the shah and the Crystal Palace, it could not have surprised us more than this rencontre. However, Mr. Tupper was decidedly there—very much alive—very like the "proverbial," and (I'm afraid this sounds contradictory) very entertaining.

Mr. Hall, I remember, joked him about a new edition of his works.

"Think of a man, Miss —," he said to one of our party, "who could inflict sixty-four editions on an offending public! Tupper, Tupper, I'm ashamed of you."

By-and-by, Mrs. Hall took us up to her pretty boudoir writing-room. Its windows open pleasantly on the garden. It is full of souvenirs that must be half-sad, half-sweet memories to her. They seemed to us notes of the music we have learned when the master's hand was stilled forever. Her pen is Hood's; she has Moore's table; Wordsworth's fire-screen; every available space is occupied by some such souvenir. It seemed strange to think she had personally known all those whose little every-day belongings—to us relics of a past, of which we had but poor, printed records—lay on every side of us. She had been Hood's friend—L. E. L.'s protector. She had held Wordsworth's hand in friendly greeting—perhaps she talked to Moore of verses which we now call "old-fashioned," while he was at work upon them! Before we went away, Mr. Hall showed us his famous album. It contains letters to himself and Mrs. Hall, or writings in autograph of men and women, many of whom are of the illustrious dead; others, like Robert Browning, Ruskin, Carlyle, are of the generation which is fast passing away. One page interested us deeply. It was a letter from L. E. L., written to Mrs. Hall, as she was embarking for that home whence she was never to return.

The letter was a brief, sad farewell. Beneath it Mrs. Hall had written, "I knew it was to be the last." The words of both letter and comment were faded now. It seemed hard, as we sat there, with so much of old-time memories suggested by this book, to feel that the sunlight filling the pretty room, the hum of voices, the green fields and summer sky, were things of to-day; that we, coldly-prosaic, nineteenth-century people, were not of that sweet, faded past; that L. E. L., and Miss Browning, and Mary Russell Mitford, and Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge, whose written

words we had before us, were men and women to be known in life no more—never to be seen by us until the day breaks in the celestial city! It all brought a rush of feeling that made one long to stand still, or to let time go back; and life, in its longest, seemed as but one rising and setting of the sun.

These friends, who are links of the past to Mr. and Mrs. Hall, seem to them, in the fullest interpretation of the phrase, "only to have gone before." Their faith is a very beautiful one. Mrs. Hall, I remember, spoke of some dead friend in the calm, happy way of one who, expecting the resurrection of the dead, believes that it will revive and perfect our earthly friendships and aspirations. We were talking one time of some curious spiritual manifestations, and — exclaimed at their being "so strange." I remember the beautiful smile with which Mrs. Hall said, almost reproachfully, "Strange, my love?—why, it seems to me so natural, when you consider how they loved each other on earth!" I have forgotten the incident related which called forth this from Mrs. Hall, but I remember our own Alice Cary, and, I think, Phoebe, were the persons it referred to.

On the last visit to "The Ferns," Mrs. Hall read to us. Her dramatic power is wonderful. She read Tennyson's "Grandmother" exquisitely, filling the tender portions with a thrilling pathos, giving the stronger passages with a force and dramatic fervor which again reminded us of Charlotte Cushman. Mr. Hall, on the same occasion, read us his own beautiful "Sound the Trumpet in Zion!"

That august day was the last. No English recollection—and they are of a varied and always pleasant character to us—is sweeter than the hours we spent at "The Ferns." There is a picture which will linger, I think, when the shadows are upon us, of that bright old hall—its pictures, its air of home comfort, the lamplight shedding its soft rays upon those two figures; the powerful face of Mr. Hall, the sweet one of his wife, as they stand in the open door-way to bid us farewell. The cheerful radiance streams out upon the pretty garden, the deep-green ferns and flowers. Every thing which is connected with our visit—the cordial greetings, the tender farewells—is revived. Once, twice, as we go down the path, we turn for another glimpse of the faces in the door-way, then go out at the gate-way, perhaps forever. But who shall say such memories as we have do not grow down the years, hallowed by absence and by time?

L.

placement of a given end—in the highest sense of the word. The better adapted the human body is for the performance of its various functions, the more beautiful it is; in other words, the more it charms and delights the senses. The better suited each individual organ is for the discharge of its office, the more it pleases the normal human eye. How it, nevertheless, often happens that men are fascinated by women whose *physique* differs widely from the radical type (*Grundtypus*) of the race, while he remains cold and indifferent in the presence of the most perfect beauty, Schopenhauer, and after him Von Hartmann, in his "Philosophy of the Unconscious," have thoroughly explained. Were every man himself an ideal beauty, then he would be incapable of loving any but an ideal woman.* Thus Nature has provided that the imperfect on the one side shall be neutralized by the opposite imperfection on the other side. For example, we see the violent pair with the mild; the plump with the slim; the tall with the short. Nor do these instinctive preferences prejudice the ideal conception of beauty. While I may fully appreciate the beauty of a mountainous landscape, I may, for individual reasons, prefer to live on the plains.

Schopenhauer has taken the trouble to examine womanly beauty in detail, and illustrate, point for point, the principle of *Zweckmässigkeit*. At first he considers the two fundamental conditions without which female beauty is not conceivable—namely, youth and health. Here even the unthinking mind readily sees that beauty and usefulness (*Zweckmässigkeit*) go hand-in-hand, for the human organism performs most easily and perfectly its varied functions in that spring-time which we call youth, and the more perfectly these functions are performed the nearer the approach to perfect health. After making these general statements, the philosopher examines the constituents of beauty in detail. Why are faultless teeth pleasing? Because the more perfect they are, the more perfectly they discharge their functions. Why, in all ages, has a woman's well-developed bosom been admired? Because it guarantees adequate nourishment for her children. Why are we attracted by soulful eyes? Because they mirror the psychological characteristics of the individual, and indicate a happily-balanced brain. We also instinctively attach great weight to those peculiarities which especially distinguish man from the brute creation—a well-developed chin, for example. "The more chin the more man," says Lavater.

Beauty is clearly the most valuable gift that Nature has bestowed upon woman.

"A little turn of the nose up or down," says Schopenhauer, "has decided the fortunes of many a girl for life—and justly so; for, as is the shape of her nose, so is she a more or less perfect specimen of the race."

In this matter the ancients were much franker than are the moderns. Our Puritan-Christian, or better, perhaps, Puritan-hypocritical era, is fond of disparaging physical beauty, to the advantage of the moral and intellectual beauties. We treat physical advantages, which are "only skin-deep," with a certain disdain, and endeavor to be influenced in our preferences by "higher" considerations—the graces of the mentality. It would certainly be foolish to contend that beauty of person may balance every other endowment, but to deny the advantages or qualities of beauty would be silly and ungrateful toward the Giver of that which, in all the varied conditions of life, has ever been one of the best of recommendations—a certain guarantee for goodness of heart and nobility of soul.

* The writer means, it would seem, that perfection can love only perfection.—TRANSLATOR.

ABOUT FEMALE BEAUTY.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

ONLY a few years ago a French writer on aesthetics insisted on seeing in our ideas of physical beauty something conventional, and contended that the ideal of female beauty changes, from epoch to epoch, in accordance with principles similar to those which govern the revolutions that take place, from time to time, in the philosophic, religious, and social views men take of things, "the chief difference," he says, "being that these changes are not so radical and striking."

Now, that Arthur Schopenhauer has given to the world his brilliant chapter on the metaphysics of love, such a superficial theory can only be defended by a Frenchman. In Germany it would be hard, nowadays, to find any one of culture who would contend that physical beauty is "a matter of taste." Schopenhauer has clearly shown that the ideal, radical type of the human race is not fixed by the majority of the cultured nations, but is fully traced out in the nature of the human organism. Beauty is *Zweckmässigkeit*—conformity to the end in view, suitableness, that perfection necessary to the accom-

The gifted Paul Heyse, in his charming novel, "Der Kreisrichter," is most eloquent in his opposition to thin foolish affectation. The old argument, that there is no merit in beauty, might, with equal justice, be offered regarding the qualities of the mind; we have no more to do with the making of our brains than with the making of our faces or forms.

It is somewhat remarkable that women are themselves most inclined to deprecate the worth of female beauty.

"Beauty," says Madame Germanay, "is a poor, fragile thing. The woman who would reign for any length of time should be careful not to depend for her authority on any thing so perishable."

Perishable or not, good looks are, and will remain, the only thing woman can safely depend upon for dominion. You may reason and philosophize as much as you please; the laws of Nature always have and always will outweigh your philosophy.—ERNST ECKSTEIN.

THE PERVERSITY OF WOMEN.

We have a very mild case of female perversity in Mr. Browning's "Fifine at the Fair." Husband and wife "trip" to the fair together, and the husband happens to look with a man's natural interest and a man's natural zest at the "fiz-gig Fifine"—a danc-ing-girl, who shows a pretty figure in a boy's dress, all spangles and fleshings. At this, to put it briefly, the wife is hurt, and the husband has to convince her that there was no occasion for her jealousy. Now, a little observation of life leads one to fancy that the poor, thin-souled little Elvire of this poem, with the tears in her eyes because her husband looks with zest at a strange girl's legs, is by no means an uncommon type. But what strange fatality is that which first prevents a wife's seeing that (to quote a high authority), unless a man has a certain liking for all women, he cannot love any one woman properly; and, secondly, that she will get the full benefit of the reaction when "fiz-gig Fifine" has passed? Above all, what fatality prevents her seeing that, to exhibit emotions of the mean kind in such a case, is to place herself at a disadvantage, and, so far, to repel her husband? One would fancy the most simple-hearted, inexperienced virgin in the world would have the required intuition, and the required tact, in such a case as this; and yet how often do we find a wife, who has known a man for years, destitute both of the intuition and the tact!

Nor does great intelligence appear to make much difference in women in these respects. A very instructive example in point is that of Mary Wollstonecraft, afterward Mrs. Godwin, and the mother of Shelley's second wife. She had formed in France, at the time of the Revolution, an intimacy with a gentleman which ended in the birth of a daughter. Her opinions on the marriage question are well known, and she acted upon them. She did not marry this gentleman (at first she did not even marry Godwin), because she thought the state had nothing to do with marriage, though it had with the obligations of paternity. But she contemplated permanency; she maintained that this was the natural condition of the conjugal contract; and all she has written manifests the deepest sense of domestic duty. It is very abundantly plain that she abhorred not only license but levity in these matters; that she was, in all but name, a wife, and an exceedingly wise and affectionate mother. At the same time, it was her opinion that no contract of this kind should be assumed by outsiders to be indissoluble; in other words, that the parties should be free to dissolve it, if necessary, on grounds which no laws could deal with. Well, what happened? The gentleman to whom she thus

intrusted herself proved unworthy, and, before the birth of the child, we find him staying away for long spaces of time and neglecting her. Her letters to him are full of affection, but, long before angry reproaches were called for, they contain angry reproaches. And that is not all. It is easy to see that the gentleman was infinitely below her in all fine qualities of head and heart. How she had happened to throw herself away upon such a "losel," is a mystery to begin with; or, it would be a mystery if it had not been that she was in the heyday of youth, and (judged by her own confessions) of quick and strong impulses. But he was evidently fastidious, and also required a light rein. Now, let no one get upon the high-horse at this point. Either she wanted to retain him, or she did not. Her passionate letters proved that she did. They also prove that she saw through him, or feared she did. It follows that her conduct was absurd, unless it was adapted to draw him to her side again. And it was, in fact, eminently calculated to repel him. Apart from the petulance, there is a total want of fastidiousness, and even of what most of us would call wise reserve. The letters contain things which are very interesting to the psychologist—and the physiologist! but what must a fastidious man have thought of them! Defoe's "Roxana," plain-spoken as she is in her autobiography, would never have been so incontinent of speech in actual intercourse with a man whom it was desirable not to displease. In my copy of the "Rights of Woman," a gentleman who had written some discriminating notes in the margin here and there, has at one place dashed down, in hot, astounded haste, "It is impossible that a woman should have written this!" And, if he had read these letters, he might very well have dashed down, "It is impossible that a sane woman should have written this!" Yet the unfortunate lady was sane—oversane. There was too much *lumen sicuum* in her nature, fond as it was. Some of her devices are absurdly ingenuous blunders. In one letter she tells the truant man that she will fall in love with Mirabeau if he does not come back to her; in another, with Rouget de l'Isle, the composer of the "Marseillaise," whom she has just met!! And, in her reproaches, she constantly forgets her own theories of life and duty. No man likes to be treated as if he "belonged" to a woman, whether he would or no. At last, when the deserted lady has attempted to drown herself and been brought to life again, the question of the theory upon which the friendship had been formed has to be argued out between them. From that time, the victim becomes more reasonable, and writes as temperately as she ought to have done before. But it is deeply worthy of note that, down to the very last, this wonderful woman—clear-headed, and capable of high moral and spiritual insight as she was—shows just the same kind of unreasoning and unreasonable tendency to believe in this empty man as the silliest girl in town.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

THE DANCE.

On the 8th of August, at nine o'clock in the morning, the piercing note of a flageolet was to be heard at a half a league's distance from Eaux-Bonnes, and the bathers set out for Aas. The way there is by a narrow road, cut in the Montagne Verte, and overhung with lavender and bunches of wild-flowers. We entered upon a street six feet in width—it is the main street. Scarlet-capped children, wondering at their own magnificence, stood bolt upright in the door-ways and looked on us in silent admiration. The public square, at the side of the lavatory, is as large as a small room—it is here that dances

take place. Two hogsheads had been set up; two planks upon the hogsheads, two chairs upon the planks, and on the chairs two musicians, the whole surmounted by two splendid blue umbrellas which did service as parasols; for the sky was brazen, and there was not a tree on the square.

The whole formed an exceedingly pretty and original picture. Under the roof of the lavatory a group of old women leaned against the pillars in talk; a crystal stream gushed forth and ran down the slated gutter; three small children stood motionless, with wide-open, questioning eyes. The young men were at exercise in the pathway, playing at base. Above the esplanade, on points of rock forming shelves, the women looked down on the dance, in holiday costume—a great scarlet hood, a body embroidered in silver or in silk with violet flowers, a yellow, long-fringed shawl, a black petticoat hanging in folds close to the figure, and white-woolen gaiters. These strong colors, the lavished red, the reflexes of the silk under a dazzling light, were delightful. About the two hogsheads was wheeling, with a supple, measured movement, a sort of roundelay, to an odd and monotonous air, terminated by a shrill false note of startling effect. A youth in woolen vest and breeches led the band; the young girls moved gravely, without talking or laughing; their little sisters at the end of the file took great pains in practising the step, and the line of purple *capulets* slowly waved like a crown of peonies. Occasionally the leader of the dance gave a sudden bound with a savage cry, and recalled to our mind that we were in the land of bears, in the very heart of the mountains.

"Was I right? Is there a single thing here out of harmony with the rest, and which the sun, the climate, the soil, do not make suitable? These people are poets. They must have been in love with the light to have invented these splendid costumes. Never would a northern sun have inspired this feast of color—their costume harmonizes with their sky. In Flanders they would look like mountebanks—here they are as beautiful as their country. You no longer notice the ugly features, the sunburnt faces, the thick, knotty hands, that yesterday offended you—the sun enlivens the brilliancy of the dresses, and, in that golden splendor, all ugliness disappears. I have seen people who laughed at the music—"The air is monotonous," they say, "contrary to all rule, it has no ending; those notes are false." At Paris, that may be; but here, no. Have you remarked that wild and original expression? How it suits the landscape! That air could have sprung up nowhere but among the mountains! The *frou-frou* of the tambourine is as the languid voice of the wind when it coasts the narrow valleys; the shrill tone of the flageolet is the whistling of the breeze when it is heard on the naked summits; that final note is the cry of the hawk in the depths of the air; the mountain-sounds, too, are recognizable, hardly transformed by the rhythm of the song. And then the dance is as primitive, as natural, as suitable to the country as the music—they go wheeling about hand-in-hand. What could be more simple? It is thus that the children do at their play. The step is supple and slow—that is as the mountaineer walks. You know by experience that you must not be in too much haste if you would climb, and that here the stiff strides of a town-bred man will bring him to the ground. That leap, that seems to you so strange, is one of their habits, hence one of their pleasures. To make up a festival, they have chosen what they found agreeable among the things to which their eyes, ears, and legs, were habituated. Is not this festival, then, the most national, the truest, the most harmonious, and hence the most beautiful, that can be imagined?"—Taine's "Pyrenees."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE explained last week, in a brief paragraph, why our article of three weeks ago, in reference to the liquor-crusade, was necessarily one-sided in its censure of women. But a letter before us, from a lady of Troy, seems to call for a more specific reply. Her points would be well taken, had our article been in any way a general survey of influences bearing upon temperance, or of duties pertaining thereto. In indicting women for certain errors and faults in the matter, we had no thought of excusing men, or of releasing them from their responsibilities. This ought to have been clear to every reader. With this preliminary, let us give brief attention to some of our correspondent's comments. She says:

"It is not with the advice given that I find fault, but to the censure so ruthlessly applied. First, 'The average man is susceptible of influences,' so, also, is the average woman; but, if she is overburdened with care, labor, and anxiety, scantily supplied with means, crowded in small, ill-ventilated rooms, her evenings spent in mending, ironing, or with fretful children, does this average woman forsake her miserable home for the saloon? No, indeed; it is the susceptible man, who, instead of coming to her relief, with more means, more aid, more sympathy, selfishly flies to the dram-shop.

"Mothers are rarely unequal to the duty of rearing their sons. (Why do the daughters need less care?) It is only when the shortcomings of the husband or father, as made manifest in insufficient earnings, press extra duties, in the shape of petty economies, ill-paid sewing, copying, boarding-house keeping, etc., upon her, that she fails to sustain this average boy, and man, mentally, morally, and physically. What is the crowning gift of manhood good for, if he cannot govern himself? Does he, who legislates for woman, censure her if he fail in self-reliance? Indeed, it is very surprising to me that woman, shut out as she has been, until lately, from the outer world by caste, custom, public opinion, and education, should be held directly or indirectly responsible for the actions of this autocrat, this conceited, temptation-yielding being, who not only craves excitement, wants intellectual companionship, but expects to be sustained morally.

"Whose fault is it, that 'the apartments are small, or meanly kept?' And, when the 'women of the house are gathered in the close, offensive kitchen,' in almost every case because of insufficient fuel; when 'the sunlight is excluded lest the carpet,' which in all probability never could be replenished, should fade; and when women are too constantly employed in homely duties to find time to hang up the pictures, perhaps unprocured if there were time—I ask, whose fault is this? Not woman's, certainly. Woman is a lover of the beautiful in art and Nature."

All this is very bitter, and has its measure of truth. But its measure of truth does not affect our argument. Our accusations were necessarily thrown into broad generalizations. There are some women not guilty, some households which do not accord with our description, and some instances where pov-

erty or neglect throws the fault entirely upon the men. Hence, while all that our correspondent says may be true, her rejoinder does not reach the cases we were condemning. We assert that, as a rule, the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it. We were writing of the *average* home, as we expressly said; not the poverty-stricken home, which our correspondent wrongfully applies our remarks to, nor of the wealthy home. In this *average* home, whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the parlor shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or a disagreeable place, is usually what the woman determines. Men are powerless in the matter. Some find solace for a dismal home in study, some occupation in business; some submit with what patience they can; others are attracted by the cheer of the public-house—and it is specially young men who are apt, in consequence, to drift away into bad company and bad habits. There are men—and men. Our whole argument has had reference to those individuals among men who succumb to bad influences—not the sex, but a class.

The overworked woman whom our correspondent describes we have all met; no one can but deplore her fate; and, when the woman is selfishly neglected by her dram-drinking husband, there is but one opinion of his conduct. Because there are certain cases of this character, this does not alter the fact of those other cases we have described. Because one man dastardly resorts to the saloon for his selfish pleasures, this does not extinguish the fact that many others resort there because their homes are intolerable. This is the whole measure of our charge, and we do not see how our correspondent's counter-charges affect this fact. Does she mean to assert that women who have sons to rear are not to endeavor to sustain their boys morally and intellectually? Does she mean to declare that the wife is to have no manner of influence over her husband? That she is not to exert herself for his behoof, and benefit, and good? Is it her theory that home is nothing to a man—that he is or ought to be superior to its influences? Is it one of the new lights that woman is only to cook and sew, and that the much-talked-of sweet and holy influence of women's love has been a poetical sham all this time? If a woman is not to be a helpmate to the man—if this is not her promise, her duty, her service, her gladful aim—then banish home altogether, and with this banishment the place for women in the world disappears. She is of no use here if she will not rear children, and will not take her place by the side of man for co-operation, and affection, and aid.

Strong men, and wise men, and good men, are tempted by the devil of strong drink; some of the best and greatest men that ever lived have been victims to this vice. Hence it is not a question as to "what the crowning gift of manhood is good for if he cannot govern himself," but what woman can do to avert an evil which the most robust races, the most robust of the sexes, and the most robust of individuals (intemperance is never a vice among effeminate races, the effeminate sex, or, as a rule, among effeminate individuals), are prone to. Your feeble, attenuated, shallow, half-made-up natures are secure in their apathy and insensibility. It is your many-sided nature, large, and liberal, and affluent, that temptation is a tremendous force for; and happy is the man who has been reared by a woman who understood how much the very expansion and breadth of his masculine qualities needed guardianship and care.

What men do that is false in duty to women let no one spare. The indictment that ought to be drawn up against them would, no doubt, be formidable. If the whole extent of men's domestic shortcomings could be cast into a sum, and the whole extent of women's domestic shortcomings could be expressed in figures, we have no doubt the wives and mothers would show the best result. But this admission does not alter the truth of our accusations. If women are unwilling their sons and husbands should spend their leisure hours at the public-house, then they must endeavor to establish counter-attractions. These counter-attractions need not be costly. It is more a matter of tact than of expenditure whether a room is to be agreeable or not. Somehow the average American interior is a dreary place; and if the man seeks to escape from its dullness in company at the public-house, the woman as eagerly finds her refuge in gossip and scandal among her neighbors. Each sex has its peculiar temptations and its special vices; each has its special duties, and the duty of the woman is to render home a benign influence—else, wherefore should we have wives? else, why should we labor for a roof-tree that we may call our own?

While we are upon this topic, let us add a word upon the suggestion of another correspondent, who thinks the lack of affection is the root of the evil. There is a great deal of truth in this. Where there is love and affection, we are not apt to find criminations and recriminations—and love is a power which we imagine even our lady of Troy will not disdain in the hands of women. Which sex is responsible for the decay of affection we will not venture to say; it is probable each is equally guilty; but, kept fresh and active between husband and wife, love compensates for a hundred evils—it is better than pictures, or books, or lights, or even sunshine, for the brightening of a home.

— By one of the provisions of his will, Mr. Sumner endowed an annual prize, at Harvard University, to be awarded to the student who should produce the best essay on the methods of preserving the world's peace. Such an object is a good one, for it is well to set youthful brains to work in a direction which will at least impress upon them the vastly superior advantages of concord; but it is almost superfluous to teach Americans the blessings of peace, in a political sense, as there is happily but little prospect that we shall be under the necessity of soon becoming a warlike nation.

If, however, the senator could have imposed upon European statesmen the task of studying deeply how best to keep out of quarrels with their neighbors, it would have been to some purpose. For, coincidently with Sumner's death, come intelligence and rumors from abroad which give a gravely belligerent aspect to the tendency of European events. Unfortunately, a love of peace does not seem to increase proportionately with increasing civilization, so far as history shows; and present experience indicates that the most enlightened country in Europe has the largest standing army, devotes the most time to army organization, spends the most money in weapons and on fortifications, and is obviously the most dreaded and distrusted by its neighbors.

It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that Germany is at this moment contemplating the prospect of engaging in a new war with France. The venerable Von Moltke has told the Parliament that the imperial standing army must number at least four hundred thousand men, that forty-five thousand men must be at once supplied to it from the industries and farms of the country, and that at the same time the militia must be rigorously kept up to its present standard. Thus, Germany will be able, in a fortnight, to put an army of a million men in the field, half of which will be drilled and disciplined to a perfection which Prussian military science alone has reached.

Why should there be another war? Is Germany, with Alsace and Lorraine, and a milliard dollars' indemnity, still unsatisfied? The answer to the question is not, if the condition of Germany and France respectively is considered, a difficult one. By rearing a colossal power in the very centre of Europe, Germany has really surrounded herself with a host of dangers. She has become a menace to every nation. Even Russia is restive under her success and her predominance, despite the intensely German proclivities of the czar. Austria cannot have forgotten Sadowa. England is clearly jealous of the increasing strength of the German navy and mercantile marine, if not also of her military prowess.

But, more than all, Germany has witnessed with perfect amazement the recuperation of France from her disasters. There can be no doubt that Bismarck and Von Moltke were

convinced that they had stripped France of her resources, and deprived her of the possibility of resuming her place as a great military power, at least for a generation. They little reckoned on her astonishing power of recovering, not only from her crushing defeat in the field and her loss of such fortresses as Metz and Strasbourg, but from the enormous financial burden which the terms of the conqueror imposed upon her. France has a refreshed and reorganized army, this time drilled much after the stern Prussian fashion itself; the indemnity paid, she has resumed a prosperous commercial career; her finances are growing more sound every month; and she still bears in her heart the settled hope of the recovery of her lost provinces, and of vengeance upon her enemy.

There is no country where rival parties are so bitterly hostile to and intolerant of each other as in France; yet, on this one subject of a retributive war with Germany in the future, France is united—Legitimist with Jacobin, Gambetta with De Rochefoucauld—as one man. All this alarms Germany, and not without reason. For a new war would certainly be attended with conditions widely altered from those of the war of 1870. France, perhaps, would not be much more united, but she is governed, in the army and in the state, by men of far different calibre; and if the war were provoked by Germany, she would have—what she did not have before—the sympathy, and quite possibly the substantial aid of other nations. Nay, it is questionable whether in another such war Russia and Austria would not interfere and forbid the further abasement of a power which acts as a check upon German ambition, regardless of the origin of provocation.

Again, if France is united as one man in her hostility to Germany, the grand unanimity with which Germans rushed into the last war is not likely to be witnessed a second time. For then they were inspired by a great, long-cherished, eager aspiration; they were seeking the noble political ideal of the ages—German unity; this has for centuries seemed to Germans their political millennium. Now that it has come, is seen near to, and has been tried, many illusions have vanished, and the ideal has been degraded to the awakening and disappointment of the real.

Already the minor states are restless under the iron Prussian rule; and it must not be forgotten that six million German Catholics have been alienated from the empire by the new church laws and the fining and incarceration of the bishops. In the Rhine country, on the one hand, and in Posen on the other, Germany has two Catholic Irelands, which would not again wage war with good-will against Catholic France.

We do not mean to predict that in such a war as events appear to foreshadow, the results of the last brief but mighty conflict would be reversed, but to point out that, both

within and without, Germany will enter upon it loaded by disadvantages which she did not possess before, though, on the other hand, with probably an even more effective military organization and more deadly weapons.

— The Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee for twenty years, has recently declared that, "if we are to have a paper currency in this country—and almost all minds here seem determined upon it—we must look for some foundation to rest it on other than the promise to pay specie on demand—a promise which, instead of serving to relieve the people in time of panic, serves only to aggravate its evils." We believe this view of the finance problem is gaining ground. There is a vague terror with many persons in regard to paper-money; natural enough, perhaps, in view of the appalling calamities that have followed government issues of this sort of money, but which, as has been shown in these pages, have never pertained to paper-money issued under suitable restrictions and in obedience to commercial demand.

The evils that arise from paper payable in specie on demand are very great, as Mr. Hunter declares. It is a promise that never, under general pressure, can be fulfilled; it keeps the banks anxious, and forces them to contract their loans at periods when money is specially needed; it intensifies every commercial disaster, causing failures or mishaps in special things to become general panics.

The reason why the necessity of a change in the bases of currency has arisen is in the now general use of banks. By introducing new methods in currency these have brought with them special consequences. Formerly, people held their reserve money in the strong box; it flowed from their receptacles easily and simply at periods when it was needed, and returned there at other times in readiness for emergencies. But when people came generally to keep their reserves in banks, new phenomena began to appear. The individual finds the bank ordinarily promptly responsive when he wishes to draw upon his reserve; but, at periods when the depositors, as a whole, begin to use their reserves, the banks become alarmed, and at once contract their loans; hence the reserve in the banks is always more apparent than real. Unlike the strong box, the banks do not surrender their reserves, but tenaciously hold them; they may meet all drafts, but, by contracting loans, compel the commercial class, as a whole, to keep these reserves intact. The banks do this invariably at business epochs when more money is needed; they do it whenever there is commercial distress; they are obliged to do it so long as they must redeem their liabilities in specie on demand, and are without the power to expand their issues to meet the exigencies of the hour. This is

why specie redemption has become a feature that, in the language of Mr. Hunter, "instead of serving to relieve the people in time of panic, serves only to aggravate its evils." But it is probably necessary that paper-money should be anchored some way on to the metals — rendered secure by some ultimate form of convertibility.

To accomplish this, Mr. Hunter asks, "Is there no mode of issuing a paper founded on the highest of all forms of credit, that of the national government, which may be equivalent to specie in value for the most part, and serve all the purposes of domestic exchange, even when the foreign exchanges turn against us temporarily, and produce a disturbance in our relations with the markets of the world?" Mr. Hunter thinks there is an affirmative answer to this question, his plan being the issue of currency convertible at the pleasure of the holder into United States bonds of fixed denomination, with interest payable in specie. We imagine that the result desired might be reached very simply by permitting the national banks to issue notes, secured by bonds payable at maturity in specie, and with interest payable in specie, these notes redeemable only after sixty or ninety days' notice. This would operate as a similar plan does with the savings-banks, which may, at their option, require sixty days' notice from their depositors before the payment of deposits, but who never enforce the rule except in cases of panic. These notes would be safe, and the banks be relieved of the terror of a run. It is quite true that the pressure on a bank for redemption of its notes is but a small matter compared with the pressure of their depositors, but there would be no panic among depositors if the banks were in position to meet the commercial need for money, which they would be, if not in dread of drawing upon their reserves, or were enabled to expand their issues. The specie reserves of a bank have a sort of superstitious importance to many people, who forget that the liabilities of a bank must be met by its assets; they could never be liquidated by simply keeping a small percentage of gold in its vaults.

Schopenhauer's theory of beauty, which the reader will find expounded in an article in "Miscellany," is likely to encounter many opposing views. That fitness determines beauty, is difficult to accept as true in all cases. The beauty of an eye does not depend upon its capacity for vision, inasmuch as the splendor of a black eye contributes nothing to the power of seeing, the dull and uninteresting gray eye often excelling it in accuracy of sight. The beauty of a leg is quite independent of its power of locomotion; and the rounded grace of a woman's arm would lose something of its charm if the muscles were notably developed. Beauty depends upon subtle qualities often quite apart from use. Strong yellow teeth are even more serviceable than brilliant white ones, but

scarcely so beautiful. The color upon the cheek, the soft delicacy of the skin, the regular formation of features, are all apart from "conformity to the end." Herbert Spencer has an essay on "Personal Beauty" that goes deeper than the German's philosophy. He believes, contrary to the common opinion, that beauty of character and beauty of aspect are primarily related. He explains how habits of thought or action mark themselves upon the features — how an habitual frown by-and-by leaves ineffaceable marks on the brow, and chronic scornfulness modifies the angles of the mouth. But the chief cause of the common disturbance between the relation of character to person he believes to arise from our mixed origin. Given a pure race, subject to constant conditions of climate, food, and habits of life, and, between external appearance and internal structure, there will be found, he thinks, a constant connection; but unite this race to another equally pure, but having a different *physique* and *moral*, and there will occur in the descendants an irregular combination of the characteristics of the one with the characteristics of the other — and in this irregular combination arise all those discords, so to speak, which we find to exist between character and *physique*. That is, we get a fine mental trait from one ancestor, an inferior personal feature from another; and this combination creates a diversion from that perfect relation of parts that otherwise, under uniform influences, would have existed. If the reader is curious, he can study the full elucidation of the subject in Mr. Spencer's essay, which will be found among his collected writings.

The always agreeable occupant of a famous "Easy-Chair" is not often so severe as we find him in a recent paper upon the religious charlatan. He shows us in this how the delicate blade of Saladin may do as much execution as the formidable broadsword of Richard. The fellows who play their antics in the pulpit could not be more sharply impaled than by the following: "The moral effect of the religious charlatan is most depressing. The simple seeker who hears his stage-thunder, his flippant familiarities with the divine counsels, his unsparing denunciations of sinners, his delight in depicting a theatrical hell with all the approved 'properties,' and the eagerness with which he plunges others into it, while he assumes his own high favor with Heaven, inevitably asks, 'What kind of Heaven can it be of which this sanctimonious popinjay is an ambassador, and what divine truth can be properly interpreted by such a harlequin?'" Keen, penetrating, conclusive as the essay is, we fear the religious charlatan has too firm a hold upon the half-educated masses to be deposed. There is a class that seems to delight in those exhibitions which are so disgusting to men of better taste — the "stage-thunders, the flippant familiarities," are usually very much to their liking. They flock in crowds to hear these preachers; they applaud them to the echo; they build for them immense churches; they give them large rewards of money; they make harlequinry in the pulpit eminently popular and profitable. It is a wonder, under all the

circumstances, that the religious charlatan does not multiply in numbers more rapidly than he does. It is evidence of how much good taste and dignity there are among our preachers when the bad but successful example of the charlatan is so comparatively little followed. We should be glad to see the "Easy-Chair's" keen lance leveled at other forms of charlatancy. There is the medical charlatan, and the temperance charlatan, and the charlatan reformer — a noxious set, the whole of them; and a common bond ought to be made against them by all rational people.

The story of Kossuth's indigence is contradicted. Dr. Max Schlessinger, from whom the story purported to come, denies the authenticity of the alleged interview with the illustrious exile. The account of this interview was printed in this JOURNAL, having been sent to us as a translation. As the name of the German journal in which it was alleged to have appeared was given, and the name of an author attached so distinguished as Dr. Schlessinger, we had no suspicion of its being a fraud, and hence purchased and printed the paper in good faith. The circulation of the false report is certainly to be regretted; why it was invented we cannot surmise; but we can accuse ourselves in the matter only of negligence in not verifying the article before printing it.

Literary.

ONE cannot help wondering whether Dr. Clarke, when he published his modest little volume on "Sex in Education," had any idea of the commotion which it would cause, or how deeply it would stir the controversial elements that were lying latent in the numerous body of so-called educational reformers. From the very day of its appearance the press has been fairly deluged with reviews, protests, contradictions, and "refutations;" and at present there seem to be indications that the controversy has entered upon the book and pamphlet stage. The first two books on the subject are now before us — "The Education of American Girls" (New York: Putnam's Sons), and "Sex and Education" (Boston: Roberts Bros.). The former will engage our attention first, both because it is more comprehensive than the other, and because it makes some pretense at least of independent investigation and philosophic method. It is a rather thick volume, consisting of a dozen essays by as many different writers, and edited by Anna C. Brackett, the veteran school-teacher, who contributes a review of Dr. Clarke's book, and also the opening essay on education in general. This essay is the longest and most notable in the volume, and treats the whole subject of the education of girls in its triple aspect of physical, mental, and moral. It brings together a good many practical suggestions on various points, and the tone is that of an earnest but not bigoted inquirer, but it certainly fails to convince. In fact, both by its facts (or concessions) and its method of treatment, it conveys the impression that woman is so *specialized* as against man that, to talk of identical training and identical pursuits, is to ignore natural distinctions which unconsciously force themselves into recognition. Of the other essays in the volume the most valuable are Miss Mary E.

Beedy's on "Girls and Women in England and America," giving the impressions of an intelligent observer who has had opportunities; and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's, on "Mental Action and Physical Health," insisting that the one is essential to the other. Considerable space is given to the testimony of individual observers, in the various colleges where female students are admitted; but they strike us as *ex parte* statements, which could easily be confronted with equally telling facts on the other side.

"Sex and Education" is simply a collection of the more notable criticisms on Dr. Clarke's book that appeared in the various newspapers and periodicals soon after its publication. It is edited, with an introduction, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and among the contributors are Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Mrs. Badger. The only paper which seems to as of any value is the one by Colonel T. W. Higginson; but even this simply amounts to a challenge of the opinion of Dr. Clarke, based, as is constantly pointed out, on *seven* cases, by the predilection of Colonel Higginson, based on a sentimental belief in the progress of humanity by the elevation of woman, and a contradiction, by interested parties, of one of Dr. Clarke's illustrative cases. For the rest, where the book is not silly, as in the proposition advanced on page 158, it consists of personal attacks and the precise kind of rhetoric and rhapsody that rendered Dr. Clarke's book necessary in the first place.

We have looked in vain through both these volumes, and through the numerous similar articles which preceded them, for some proof that Dr. Clarke's opponents have grasped and comprehended the real meaning of his treatise. These opponents had as well learn now as later that the influence of such a book is not to be nullified by raising false issues, impugning its motives, criticising its style, and wailing over the fact that, in one place, Dr. Clarke speaks disrespectfully of "spinsterism," and in another of a class of women whom he stigmatizes as *agées*. Neither will it answer to affect the *area indignatio* of outraged modesty, or to represent Dr. Clarke as the enemy and detractor of women. All who have read his book know that he affirms, with quite as much emphasis, if not so often, as any of his critics, the absolute equality of the sexes in point of intellectual capacity, and the importance of giving women the very highest education: "Man is not superior to woman, nor woman to man. The relation of the sexes is one of equality, not of better and worse, higher and lower." What they can acquire is limited only by their individual capacities, which are not questions of sex; how they should acquire it is the real problem, and this is solved for each sex by physiological facts which are tolerably well known, but which Dr. Clarke explains in detail, and with a plainness which could alone secure for them their due weight. No one has yet affirmed categorically that the best method of educating boys is in all respects the best method of educating girls; we venture to think that no well-informed or thoughtful person will affirm it. And yet, until just this affirmation is not only made but proved, at least presumptively, Dr. Clarke's essential position remains absolutely unassailed.

By the nearly unanimous consent of two generations of critics, Lessing's "Laocoön" takes rank as the best single essay on art to be found in any literature. It lays down principles which subsequent criticism has often applied—which, in fact, have influenced to a

greater or less degree all recent authoritative writers on art; but it still retains all the freshness of the fountain-head, and will be found not less full of suggestive thoughts for students of our day than it was for those who read it fresh from Lessing's pen. In closeness of reasoning, keenness of penetration, lucidity of statement, and felicity of style, it is rivaled by no other of the great philosopher's writings; and even those who dispute its definitions concede it a place among the masterpieces of German literature. The object of the essay is to point out the necessary limits of Painting (including in this term all the plastic arts) and Poetry. For this purpose the famous Laocoön group in the former, and Homer and Virgil in the latter, are used as the text, or starting-point, and furnish most of the illustrations. At the same time the author's attention is not confined to these, but the entire essay abounds in valuable comments on various points in the history of ancient art and literature, and on the works of the more noted authors who had dealt with the subject prior to Lessing's time—among others, Winkelmann and Spence. Its definitions also furnish the student with a standard which, once thoroughly appreciated, will illuminate many a point that must have perplexed him in attempting to compare contemporary with classical art, especially as manifested in poetry. Lessing holds, for instance, that beauty is and must be the supreme law of all plastic art. Apply this to the pre-Raphaelite puerilities, and the struggles after "effect" which make up so large a part of modern painting and sculpture. Lessing also holds that while painting, employing signs which must be arranged side by side, can represent only objects existing side by side in space, poetry, using signs which must follow each other consecutively in point of time, should express only objects which succeed each other in time—in other words, *actions*. Apply this to the "word-painting" which seems to be the sole aim of some of the most popular of recent poets. "Laocoön" is a book which will prove helpful to the student of art in any of its aspects, and especially so to those who would understand the masterpieces which Greek and Roman have left us; even the mere reader of Homer and Virgil will find it worth his attentive perusal. We have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the careful and scholarly translation which Miss Ellen Frothingham has given us in the volume that has suggested these remarks, and to congratulate her on a well-earned addition to the reputation gained by her translation of the same author's "Nathan, the Wise" (Boston: Roberts Bros.).

One of the most agreeable of recent contributions to the list of biographies suggested by the late war, is the "Memoir of General George D. Bayard," written by his father, and published by the Putnams. Usually, these memoirs are of slight interest to any one outside the family circle, to gratify whose affection they are prepared; but General Bayard was a man who, as a gentleman, was worthy of his name, and as an officer only failed to achieve fame by reason of his untimely end. "Biography," says Miss Mitford, "is my favorite reading; and of all kinds of biography—next to that of letters connected by a slight narrative like Mason's Gray and Hayley's Cowper, which is undoubtedly the best—self-biography is the best." The volume before us belongs to the former class, being, for the most part, made up of letters written by the gallant young cavalry-leader who fell at Fredericksburg, at the early age of twenty-

seven. He came of good stock, being a member of the only family in the country four generations of whom have been members of the United States Senate, and a great-grandson of Colonel John Bayard, who led his regiment on several battle-fields of the Revolution; and his letters and life, as recorded here, show him to have possessed in his own person the best characteristics of his ancestors. Mr. Bayard's comments upon the character of his son are marked by a gently-manly self-restraint, which wins our sympathy more fully than any eulogy could have done; and a finely-engraved portrait of General Bayard will enhance the value of the volume for whoever may feel interested in his brief but honorable career.

Volume III. of "The History of North American Birds," reviewed in a recent number of the JOURNAL, has just appeared. This volume completes the series of land-birds, one of the two great divisions of the work; and contains, besides the usual descriptive matter and illustrations, an appendix, with twenty-five pages of additions and corrections, an explanation of the terms used in describing the external forms of birds, and an extremely valuable "Glossary of Technical Terms." In addition to these, there are three indexes, one for the English names, one for the scientific names, and one for the plates.

A correspondent of the *Academy* says, in the last number: "A further installment of Prosper Mérimée's correspondence is about to be published, and will undoubtedly be welcome to all who cultivate the almost obsolete art of letter-writing. The late academician was nearly as untiring a correspondent as M. Thiers or Barthélemy St.-Hilaire. The promised letters are addressed to a literary colleague, and exhibit, rather more plainly than the epistles to the 'Inconnue,' the hard, cynical, and somewhat coarse side of the writer's character. It is no longer the courtly satirist playing an academical St.-Preux to a very modern and materialistic Julie; but a frank skeptical recounting without reserve or equivocation his impressions of men and things. The correspondence opens in 1840, and, in the very first lines, it is evident that Mérimée had already adopted the passive rôle of the philosophic spectator which neither Senate nor Academy could afterward make him abandon. . . . In the latter years of his life the author of 'Colomba' became more and more frank and confirmed in his epicureanism. He devotes many of his last letters to the discussion of different qualities of wines. He preferred Château La Rose, and filled page after page with praises of his favorite *vin*."

A correspondent of the *New-York Times*, writing from Paris about some of the literary celebrities, says: "Victor Hugo works incessantly, wearing out two secretaries when pressed for time, and he eats as heartily as any man alive. The amount of fish he consumes by himself would supply a small family, and his beefsteaks are of old-fashioned dimensions. After all, there is nothing like a good appetite and an excellent digestion, especially when one rises at five o'clock in the morning and works until midnight. On the morning his son died, Hugo was correcting his proofs, and he went back to the work the moment he returned from the cemetery. But reflecting persons will not find in this a thought of callousness, for the stricken father was doubtless trying to make his work a rampart against his grief."

It can hardly be necessary to say that the following is from the *Saturday Review*: "Most cultivated Americans can write, better or worse; and most Americans who can write decently seem to think it necessary to make a book out of any journey of sufficient length that they may take, however trite the subject, and however familiar the scenes which they have more or less hastily traversed. If the shelves of transatlantic publishers have room for any other matter, it must be because so large a

proportion of American tourists travel too fast to remember enough of what they have seen to furnish material for a book. Those who have had leisure to observe, no matter what, and have skill to describe what hundreds have described before them, seem to consider the publication of their experiences as much a matter of course as the performance of the regular routine of sight-seeing."

"Mr. Rogers the poet," says the *Saturday Review*, *d'après* of a recent novel professing to depict Walpole's life by scraps picked out of his books, "being questioned by a lady on the subject of several new books then lately published, professed his ignorance of their contents and quality. 'Why, Mr. Rogers,' said the lady, 'you seem never to read any new books;' to which he made answer, 'No, whenever a new book comes out I read an old one.' A reader who adopted such a method nowadays would become very well acquainted with the standard literature of his country; he would also have the advantage of being able on occasions to acquire a certain knowledge of an old book by reading it in the disguise of a new one."

The *Nuremberg Correspondent* declares that it has reason to doubt the correctness of the statement that Straus left two unpublished works, viz., the "Life of Lessing," and a "Life of Beethoven." The former manuscript is, indeed, in existence, but nothing is known of the latter. Straus was an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven, and has written a good deal upon his compositions.

It is announced in a late German paper that the Cotta firm at Stuttgart will shortly bring out a work by Gregorovius, under the title of "The Story of Laetitia Borgia," which it is believed will throw a wholly new light on that tragic episode of Italian life. The work is to consist of two volumes, one of which will contain the text, and the other the materials upon which it is founded.

Mr. Leslie Stephen has an article in the last *Cornhill* which gives the first really analytical account of the relation between Dr. Johnson's personality, as revealed in Boswell, and his writings. His theory is, that the age favored his expression of himself in conversation, whereas in writing his tendency to the grandiose was an anachronism.

A captain in the Bengal army has compiled a book which will prove a "sweet boon" to reviewers and other writers who want to cite apt passages. It is entitled a "Shakespeare Argosy," and contains a long alphabetical list of subjects, each one of which is illustrated by choice quotations from Shakespeare.

Art.

Some New Foreign Pictures.

THE shifting panoply of paintings that decorate the walls of the picture-stores constantly affords new points of interest to amateurs, though the subjects of the paintings themselves may not be of particular value.

Since the close of the Water-Color Exhibition, and in the lull before the opening of the regular Spring Exhibition of the Academy, the pictures at Goupil's, many of which are new, possess more interest than when people are occupied by numerous and important works, such as, from all indications, seem likely to be sent to the forthcoming Academy Exhibition, which promises to be the best for many years.

Goupil has usually been strongest in figure-paintings, and remembering the Bouguereaus, Géromes, Britons, and others that have from time to time given interest to his rooms, we are tempted to forget the charming landscapes that are frequently seen there. Just now his rooms contain a number of very spirited landscapes, each seemingly better than the other; and among the best of these is a painting of trees blown by wind, the work of Koek-Koek. The picture represents the bank of a brook

surrounded by birches and poplars, the underside of whose white leaves are turned up against the strong breeze, which bends the branches and twists the small twigs. Very few persons, even among artists, we presume, have the faculty for careful observation sufficiently developed to be able to analyze fleeting effects accurately. It is for this reason that it is difficult to determine, in such a case as this, whether it is true to Nature to image every leaf as turned by the wind and in motion. Careful critics seem to think that there are always contrasts of condition under all circumstances, and that emphasis of expression only comes here and there; in the case of the wind-tossed trees the result would be that, in sheltered nooks, little boughs might rest quiet, shielded by their larger brethren, who would bear the force of the storm. We acknowledge frankly that our observation is not critical in these refined differences; and yet the impression made on our minds is quite positive that these discriminations exist, and that it is conventional only to render the one form of wind as implying motion, and not allow for the cases of calm that make the motion more apparent.

Vaubigny and Langerock, Seibels and Gabriel, as well as G. Courbet, all have good landscapes in this collection. We presume that every person at all interested in art has asked himself which line of delineation was the true one: the painstaking art which was only content with rendering each detail of leaf, flower, and herbage; or the broader thought which should seize on the effect that masses produce in the mind, and, leaving out every separate leaf, with its curves and foreshortenings, convey impressions of natural scenery through blots of color, and masses of light and shade. Taking either extreme, we confess that the latter process seems to us the most legitimate; everybody who is at all susceptible of course feels the influence of certain effects—the first general impression, as it were, of a given scene; and after this picture has been made in the mind, it is a second step that leads one to look for the causes that produced it; and in this second thought one looks for definite forms, which in our modern landscape, especially in French pictures, may or may not be there. In the landscapes by Vaubigny and Seibels this second step has never been taken; the pictures are bold and broad in treatment, full of light, shadow, wind, and sunlight; damp marshes and lurid moors are indicated, as well as cattle and still streams; but beyond this indication there is an little that is tangible as in the image of Alpine gorges and pine-forests made by the frost-work on a window-pane. As far as they go they are very strong and very poetical, but this blotted work never seems to us to possess the solid interest of a carefully-developed picture.

A picture of quite a different character from these landscapes is "Royalists led to be guillotined," by André, one of the most elaborate paintings, yet strongly characterized in expression, that we have ever seen. The picture is not very large, about three feet by thirty inches, and is a view of the interior of a court-yard; old walls of brick and stone form the background, on which trailing rose-vines are clinging, and grape-vines grow, as delicate and minutely delineated as if the artist's sole interest centred in this part of his subject. But issuing from a door in this wall comes a group of men, swinging, swaggering, and hanging back, most forcible in drawing of the figure, and with faces small as nutshells, but each marked by its own peculiar traits. Outside the main gate of the court-yard appears a crowd of jeering citizens,

on the face of every one of whom, besides the curiosity engendered by the occasion, one can detect the particular characteristic of his own cast of mind. So great is the knowledge of technique among the French, that it seems as if every French artist reveled in showing the gymnastics of his art; and in this particular painting this peculiarity is very discernible. The court-yard wall is flat, and appears as near the spectators as the front walls of scenes in the theatre; its vicinity is not pleasing, but it is managed with admirable dexterity. The study of life has been so perfect and abundant, that the drag, the push, and the hurry of every man is given with absolute precision, and, apart from the interest which the circumstances of the occasion create, the cleverness of the delineation is its own separate source of satisfaction. Leach might have drawn the faces and have been satisfied with his work; and in the accessories the artist appears to have been so glad of his ability to make every rock, each bayonet and musket, that he could not consent to hide his knowledge, or conceal what in other people might have been done to prevent the display of ignorance, by putting one detail into shadow, or leaving it in obscurity. In consequence of this apparent feeling, the picture as a whole is not so pleasing as it might be, nor as a work of art is it so satisfactory; but, pardoning its obvious faults viewed aesthetically, one cannot resist a sensation of great pleasure at this *tour de force*.

Dr. Falke, a German art-critic, in a work entitled "Art in the Home," discusses interior cultivation and decoration. He objects, and naturally, to the usual white-plaster ceiling, with the inevitable stucco ornament above the chandelier, and points out that a valuable field is here lost for artistic effect. By simply leaving the beams and rafters of the roof exposed and uneven, surface is gained that can be decorated in various styles. This suggestion we should be glad to see acted upon. Carpets, he asserts, should be of unobtrusive pattern, and darker than the walls of the room, and the walls should not be very light (except when absolutely necessary in a dark room), but should form an harmonious setting for the various objects placed upon or against them.

A picture by Feuerbach, on exhibition at Vienna, entitled "The Battle of the Amazons," has caused no little discussion among the critics. The subject is described as being "treated with a stern realism and classical simplicity, which find fitting expression in the grandiose, almost colossal dimensions of the figures, and show more affinity with the artist's early work, 'The Death of Pietro Aretino,' than with the compositions which belong to the intermediate period, and are characterized by a closer adherence to the principles of the Renaissance school."

The French Minister of Fine Arts, having presented to the Yacht Club several Sèvres vases, the *Academy* begs that the English sporting clubs should take the hint, and give beautiful china, instead of ugly plate, to the winners of modern Olympic games. The terms used by the *Academy* are, to our mind, just—beautiful china and ugly plate; and we could wish that the superior elegance and art-quality of porcelain over metal were generally recognized.

Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death" has elicited a French pamphlet containing a descriptive and critical notice of the picture, by Dr. LeRoy de Sainte-Croix, in which is given a very eloquent and able account of the painting, "uniting critical acumen to a generously appreciative spirit." "No British picture," says the *Illustrated News*, "has ever before attained the honor of such elaborate consideration and warm applause from a French critic."

A recent attempt to set up an equestrian statue in Constantinople excited such a storm of opposition, and such remonstrances against the "Christian Idol," that the project had to be abandoned.

Music and the Drama.

The Opera of "Lohengrin."

THE Italian opera season reached its climax of interest, as well as its end in respect of time, in the performance of Wagner's opera of "Lohengrin." Readers of the JOURNAL will recollect the article in our last issue, discussing the fundamental principles of the Wagner music, and the differences in operatic structure and purpose growing out of those principles. Now that the American public has had an opportunity of hearing one of the composer's great works under unusually favorable circumstances, a brief description and analysis of the opera itself will contribute to shed some additional light on the musical philosophy of the author.

As there is a most essential connection between the poetry and music in the Wagner opera, the former being the perfect impulse and measure of the latter, it behoves the critic to examine the composer as the poet before the music is considered. Wagner writes his own librettos, and would be entitled to a lofty rank in literature, aside from his creative greatness in the world of tone. The composition of "Lohengrin" was finished in 1848, and first presented in 1850 at Weimar, through the energy of Franz Liszt. The legend of "Lohengrin," the son of Pariwil, is a compound of several different elements, and may be looked upon as one of the representative myths of mediæval Europe. In it are combined the story of the Holy Graal, whose mystic symbolism entered so largely into the early Celtic legends of knightly chivalry and emprise and traditions peculiar to the Lower Rhine. Wagner, of course, largely modified the story, as it was finally crystallized, to adapt it for his music-drama, but he has preserved all the symbolic beauty of the original, while his own poetic genius has given it an intensely dramatic and personal interest.

The music of the prelude, which introduces the opera, is designed, as we learn from Wagner himself, to represent the revelation of the Holy Graal to the eyes of mortal beholders, and is repeated at different times throughout the opera, whenever the action of the piece suggests the original Graal-motive. This is shown both in the orchestral and vocal music. Other melodious motives, that express musically the different leading elements of feeling and purpose, are also treated in the same manner. We are thus made to realize the music itself as an actual means of dramatic assistance toward the perfected result. This peculiarity may be regarded as one of the essential Wagner forms, though it has been incidentally used by other composers.

The curtain rises on King Henry, of Germany, surrounded by his nobles, on the banks of the Scheldt, near Antwerp. He has assembled his feudal retainers to repel an invasion of the Hungarians, and debate on certain internal dissensions. The music opens with a fresh, *allegro* movement, as if to mark the change from the supernatural splendor and sweetness of the prelude. One of the great barons, Count Telramund, in open court accuses Elsa, Princess of Brabant, of having murdered her brother. As the motive for this black deed, he states that the princess believes in the advent of a secret lover, with whom she expects to share the rule of the state. The accuser then demands the punishment of Elsa, and the be-stowal of the fief of Brabant on himself, in virtue of the descent of his wife Ortrud, from the old lords of Friesland. All the vocal music of the scene, to which the orchestra lends a

support and accompaniment, almost symphonie in its grandeur and beauty, is couched in the form of an exquisitely melodious recitative, varying, of course, in its phrases, but full of dignity and power. The impeachment of Telramund is specially noble in its antique massiveness and simplicity. Elsa now appears, to defend herself, and appeals to the ordeal of battle. She relates how in a dream a noble knight had appeared to her, and promised to be her protector. This musical monologue is full of melody and sweetness, and admirably expresses both the passion and the innocence of the feelings embodied in the situation. The angry reply of the accuser, the pity of the king, the devoted trust of Elsa, are most vividly expressed in the *nuances* of the declamatory strains that follow.

At the second summons of the herald, there appears in the distance a boat drawn by a swan, and in it a knight leaning on his emblazoned shield. Elsa recognizes the hero of her dream in a transport of delight. The music now breaks into a choral composition of magnificent, almost tumultuous grandeur, which attains the very culmination of musical strength. This expresses the joy and astonishment of the multitude at the unexpected appearance, and is worthy to be ranked with the sublime chorals of Handel, though animated with a different spirit, and far more lively and dramatic in structure.

Lohengrin descends from his boat, bids farewell to his swan in a delicious little melodic phrase, and asks permission from the king to become her champion in the lists, demanding Elsa's hand as the prize of his valor. He also exacts from the latter that she shall never inquire about his origin and parentage. The melody in which he expresses this demand for the most absolute and unreasoning confidence, is of exquisite solemnity and beauty, and recurs several times in the future scenes. Elsa promises every thing, and Lohengrin bursts into a most passionate protestation of his love for her. The act closes with the victory of Lohengrin over the Count Frederick of Telramund, and a grand *finale*, resembling the traditional form in structure, but matched in a perfect unity of spirit with the dramatic situation. The music, in which Lohengrin, Elsa, Telramund, and Ortrud, all take part, with fitful interruptions of the chorus, is of a very striking character.

The opening of the second act discloses Telramund and Ortrud lying prostrate with rage and despair at the foot of the steps of the royal palace in Antwerp, while within the illuminated windows are heard the faint sounds of joy and festival. The duet between Ortrud and her husband reflects the demoniac feelings that rage in their breasts, and may be supposed to suggest the falsehood and witchcraft in the representative of the ancient Batavian paganism, as compared with the heavenly purity and sweetness of the opening Graal-motive, afterward embodied in the person of Lohengrin and Elsa. The bride soon afterward appears on the balcony, and expresses herself in tender and pitying strains toward her conquered enemies and slanders. Ortrud immediately seeks to sow the beginnings of distrust in her heart toward Lohengrin, the unknown knight.

The next feature of the opera is the bridal procession, which moves from the palace to the cathedral, while the most enchanting strains are heard from both chorus and orchestra, which mingle and melt into an indescribable union. As Elsa is about to enter the sacred edifice, Ortrud steps forward and claims precedence, at the same time brand-

ing Lohengrin as a magician, who had accomplished his victory by arts of witchcraft, her husband joining in the accusation, at that time the most deadly and terrible which could be offered. Lohengrin answers by appealing to Elsa as his only judge, and the procession moves on again.

The first scene of the third act is in the bridal-chamber of Elsa. After the first transports of passionate love, Elsa commences to express her curiosity about her bridegroom's mysterious origin, for Ortrud's hints have borne their fruits. The scene, both in the music and display of dramatic feeling, is wrought to its climax with great art and beauty. The original musical phrase of warning, heard from Lohengrin at his first appearance, recurs at this juncture, and, just as he has yielded to Elsa's irrepressible curiosity by uttering the fatal words, Count Telramund rushes in with two assassins. Elsa hands his sword to her knightly bridegroom, who instantly slays his assailant and puts the others to flight.

The closing scene again reveals King Henry, surrounded with his knights and vassals, on the bank of the Scheldt, just outside the city walls. Lohengrin appears, accompanied by his weeping and repentant bride, who has learned the dreadful penalty of her rashness. He now discloses to all his identity as the son of Percival, and the Knight of the Holy Graal, who had been permitted to come to earth on a mission of mercy, but must now return again to the mystic city, where he guarded the divine treasure, never more to appear to eyes of men. Here we have the musical and dramatic climax of the entire opera. The orchestra takes up the wonderfully-beautiful Graal-motive, expressed in the prelude, and the knight sings its melody in his parting song. The quaint and solemn sweetness of Lohengrin's music is contrasted admirably with the short and abrupt phrases that indicate Elsa's broken-hearted despair. The song of the swan is heard in the distance, as the chariot-boat appears on the Scheldt.

Ortrud then tells the by-standers that the swan is in reality Elsa's brother, whom she had bewitched. Lohengrin kneels in prayer, and a beautiful youth takes the place of the swan, into whose arms the dying and despairing Elsa is clasped. The knight leaps into his boat, now drawn by a snow-white dove, and disappears in the distance, accompanied by the plaintive sweetness of the Graal-motive in A-minor chords.

Such is a brief and unsatisfactory description of the opera of "Lohengrin." No wealth of words can convey an idea of the marvelous musical and dramatic effects which are woven together throughout the entire work. Even the opponents of the school will be obliged to recognize its manifold and superb charms. The entire absence of the accustomed operatic forms, except where these are in strict consonance with dramatic unity, may perhaps have occasioned some sense of strangeness, yet the novelty may have intensified the interest. The magnificent beauty of the orchestration and the chorals, is sufficient to stamp the work as a great one were there no other elements of greatness in it. There could have been no more suitable introduction of the Wagner music to American opera-goers than the opera of "Lohengrin." Yet it may be said that the more subtle greatnesses of the work are of a kind only to be fully appreciated after long study and a repeated hearing.

Of the interpretation by the Strakosch company we can speak in terms of unalloyed approval. Mme. Nilsson is an ideal Elsa, realizing the spirituality and tenderness of the part in the fullest degree, and singing the mu-

sic with much apparent sympathy. Campanini's *Lohengrin* is a most striking impersonation, both in acting and singing; and, though one may be allowed to regret the absence of Maurel, who created the part of *Telramund* in Italian at Bologna, Del Puente proves an acceptable substitute. Miss Cary's *Orfeo* has been another evidence of her art and enthusiasm in her lyric work. The orchestra, under Signor Muzio, was excellent for the most part, and the choruses very well done, though showing the want of perfect drill.

The *Musical World* applauds Mr. Mapleson's modesty and reticence in announcing his operatic attractions for the coming season, and says that, among the proudest lines in his epitaph, may be this, "He reformed the operatic prospectus." The article goes on as follows: "Mr. Mapleson next proceeds to announce his new artists, among whom there are two sopranos, two tenors, two baritones, and three basses. Here the novelty of his prospectus stands out in clear relief. Instead of telling us whence these recruits come, what successes they have achieved, and what extraordinary talents they possess, Mr. Mapleson simply mentions their names, and adds a hope that they will give satisfaction to a public whose judgment he seeks neither to influence nor anticipate. This is the right sort of thing, and we are much mistaken if the public do not draw very favorable conclusions therefrom. It is the bad wine that needs a deal of bush. The same reticence is observed as regards the artists already known to our English public. Mr. Mapleson does no more than mention such names as those of Tietjens, Nilsson, Trebelli, Fancelli, Campanini, Rota, Borelli, and Agnesi, but he does quite enough. 'Names like these,' he well observes, 'speak for themselves.'

The *Musical World*, in speaking of the playing of the violin *virtuoso*, Herr Joachim, who has recently commenced a concert season in England, says that both "reading and execution were absolutely faultless. The trying *bassoon* passages abounding in the first *allegro* and *finale*, passages of which neither violinists nor amateurs of the violin need be reminded, were played with an unvarying ease that did away with all sense of their difficulty. Nevertheless, the qualities that distinguish Herr Joachim more, perhaps, even than the unlimited command of mechanical requirements which constitutes him *facile princeps* among executants, are the breadth of his phrasing, the harmonious fulness of his tone, his never obtrusive, while never unsatisfying, expression. These confer upon his delivery of movements, the abiding characteristic of which is rhythmical and continuous melody, a charm so individual."

A writer for the *Musical World* suggests a plan for reviving such an interest in English opera as will incite English and American composers to turn their attention generally to original work in this direction. As direct attempt at rivalry with Italian opera would be foolish, it is proposed that some libretto-writer should plan and write a good libretto in two acts, and that one of the English composers should wed the poetry to good melodious music in thorough operatic style, with no spoken dialogue introduced; and that this little perfect English opera, when completed, should be produced at some theatre as an item on the programme, though not as the *pièce de résistance*. It would then stand on its own merits, and get a hearing before a mixed audience, without running a risk against any prejudice.

The Manchester *Times* (England), in speaking of the recent first performance of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new oratorio, "The Light of the World," mentions a pleasant little testimonial to the composer: "In the course of the evening, Mr. Fox Turner presented to Mr. Sullivan a casket, containing a handsome old English silver goblet and a purse of two hundred pounds. In a characteristically genial speech, Mr. Turner explained that the gift was the result of an almost spontaneous movement on the part of a few of Mr. Sullivan's admirers, who wished thereby to express their appreciation of his genius and their personal regard."

Miss Rose Hersee, who became such a favorite in America, seems to be gathering new laurels at home, and to be looked on as the only approximate successor in English opera to Parepa-Rosa. A London paper speaks thus of a recent concert: "The vocalist was Miss Rose Hersee, who might, however, have found something better than the trivial air from the 'Rose of Castille.' Her singing, however, both of this, of 'Scenes that are brightest,' and 'Where the Bee sucks,' was very pleasant and artistic."

The young Scandinavian composer, whose symphonic works have been introduced to this country so successfully by Mr. Theodore Thomas, is acquiring much popularity and admiration throughout Germany. The "Sigurd Slembé" overture has been received with much enthusiasm in Berlin, and the musical critics of that city rank him as the superior of all his contemporaries as a writer of symphonies.

The two parts of Goethe's "Faust" have been performed at the Grand-ducal Theatre, at Weimar, with Edouard Lassen's music. The "Edips" of Sophocles has also been represented, with choruses set to music by the same composer.

National and Statistical.

Purchase-Power of Money.

PART VI. of the "Fifth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor," just reported to the Legislature, is devoted to the prices of provisions and purchase-power of money. We are under obligations to the chief of the bureau, Carroll D. Wright, for a copy of the report. Two tables are given—one showing the prices of provisions, rent, board, clothing, etc., in Massachusetts, and in forty-five representative places in Europe. All prices are given in United States currency of 1872. The second table exhibits the purchase-power of money, or, how much one dollar, in United States currency of 1872, would buy in the various places enumerated. The prices given are standard prices, obtained from reliable authorities. It is obvious, however, that a perfect comparison cannot be made, from the fact that prices cannot strictly represent the home-grade of goods, unless they have a standard in general use. The only article in the tables that approximates more nearly to a complete comparison, is that of tea, varying, for oolong, or good black, from 65 and 75 cents in Massachusetts; 67 and 81 in Great Britain; 81 and 96 in Prussia; 84 and 94 in Belgium; 52 and 60 in Denmark; \$1.35 and \$1.12 in Switzerland; \$1.35 and \$1.69 in Italy; 90 cents and \$1.18 in France; and \$1.18 in Russia. Another article, sugar, for instance, shows as clearly as any statistics possibly can, what a man's wages in one part of the world of manufactures would be worth to him in another part, provided his tastes and manner of living remain the same, and also, in the case of other articles, absolute necessities of life, enables him to ascertain how much he might change his mode of life by a removal to some other location; each person, making such estimates, always bearing in mind his chances of health, and the various conditions which he alone considers essential to his well-being. In 1872, when coffee B sugar was 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound in Massachusetts, it was, in England, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 10 cents; in Scotland, 9 cents; in Saxony, 14 cents; in Wurtemberg, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents; in Bavaria, 18 cents; in Prussia, 13 and 18 cents; in Belgium, 19 and 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents; in Denmark, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents; in Switzerland, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents; in France, 18 and 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents; in Tunis (Africa), 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents. We will take one more article, flour, in the way of illustration: flour, made

from superfine wheat, average retail prices, \$9.50 per barrel at Boston, and \$12 in the towns of Massachusetts; in England—Manchester, \$8.72; Birmingham, \$9.56; Sheffield, \$8.82. Here we have the anomaly of good flour afforded at a lower price in mechanical and manufacturing England, than in agricultural United States. In Leith, Scotland, the same brand of flour sold for \$8.50 per barrel; at Portlaw, Ireland, \$10.19; in Wales, \$10.00; Bavaria, \$18.67; Prussia, \$12.26 and \$8.10; Austria, \$13.33; Belgium, \$9.23; Denmark, \$8.36 and \$8.75; Switzerland, \$11 and \$11.12; Italy, \$29.05; France, \$9.64 and \$17.64; at Odessa (Russia), \$9.56; Tunis (Africa), \$9.00. The fact that any party can buy cheaper or pay dearer for this, that, or the other article, may tend to invalidate the conclusions represented by these averages; which, however, afford a pretty good idea of the purchase-power of money in different locations.

In this connection, an important consideration is the one of comparative wages. No loose statistics can give the relative condition of classes in different countries; the habits, customs, tastes, and modes of living of one differ from those of another to as great, if not greater, degree than the wages of the same class. Standard gold, the wage of agricultural laborers in Massachusetts, in 1872, was \$5.88 per week. In England, the wage ranged from \$6.05 per week to \$1.04 per day, depending on capacity. The most skillful Massachusetts blacksmith averaged \$16.44 per week, and the highest average in England was \$7.02 per week; in Scotland, \$6.78; in Germany, \$6.00; in Prussia, \$6.48; in France, \$7.30; in Italy, \$4.80; in Switzerland, \$7.20; in Austria, \$7.20; in Russia, \$9.60; in Tunis, \$3.60. And so we might go through the various trades and occupations. These suggestive figures also give us a clew to one of the incentives which tempt the skilled artisans of the Old World to try their fortune in the New World; and, as the report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor truly says: "If the foreign laborer or mechanic should come to this country and continue to live in the same general meagre way that he did in the old country, while he received the wages of the new, he would soon find himself with a surplus that would enable him to place his family in a condition that would be the envy of his old shop-mates, but by this the real benefit to himself and family probably would not be equal to that gained by a change of his mode of life, with the prospect of less surplus. It is the real moral and physical condition of a man that makes him more or less of a man, not his property surplus, however desirable the surplus might be."

Science and Invention.

THAT the transmission of sound-waves through the air is, to a degree, dependent upon certain atmospheric conditions, seems to have been clearly proved. A few weeks since we gave a condensed report of Professor Reynolds's paper "On the Distinction of Sound by Fog, and the Inertness of Heterogeneous Fluid." After a careful study of the subject, the writer reached the conclusion that the particles of water suspended in the air do not break up the waves of sound by small reflections in the same way as they scatter waves of light, but that, when foggy air is accelerated or retarded, the drops also move, and hence much of the wave-energy is expended in fluid-friction. Although Professor Reynolds supports his theory by numerous examples, which are

not without force, yet subsequent and more extended experiments and observations do not seem to justify these conclusions. That the question is an important one readily appears when we learn that Professor Tyndall has given it most thoughtful attention, under the supervision of the Elder Brothers of Trinity House. Professor Tyndall entered upon these investigations "rather from a sense of duty than from the pleasure of hope;" "for I know," he adds, "it would be long and difficult, and that I was at the mercy of a medium, the earth's atmosphere, which could not be put into the witness-box and cross-examined scientifically." In spite of these obstacles, which we may readily apprehend acted rather as stimulants to this enthusiastic student, Professor Tyndall entered upon the work in his usual earnest and thorough manner, embodying his results, with the conclusions deduced from them, in an address on "The Acoustic Transparency of the Atmosphere," delivered before the Royal Institution, and from which we condense as follows: The sound-instruments, the actual and relative power of which were to be tested, consisted of two brass trumpets, or horns, eleven feet two inches in length, having a diameter of two inches at the mouth-piece, opening out to twenty-two inches at the other end. These were provided with vibrating steel reeds. They were mounted vertically on a reservoir of compressed air; but, within two feet of their extremities, were bent at right angles so as to present the mouths toward the end. There were also two locomotive-whistles, the one six inches in diameter, sounded by air of eighteen pounds' pressure; the other twelve inches in diameter, and sounded by steam of sixty-four pounds' pressure. In addition to these, there was an eighteen-pound cannon stationed at Dover Castle, a mile south of the South Foreland Cliff, where were the horns and whistles. Embarking upon the steamer Irene, the observations were made at given points, near or remote from the cliff, and on such days as to secure the proper variation of atmospheric conditions. The first decisive result was that establishing the complete superiority of the gun over the horns—the horns being faintly audible at a distance of six miles, while the gun was distinctly heard at nine miles and a half. These results were obtained when the air was light, and the sea calm. The most important results, however, were those obtained a week later; and it is these that seem to militate against the theory of Professor Reynolds, as well as against the generally accepted ideas. The day—June 8d—was not at all promising; the clouds were dark and threatening, and the air filled with a faint haze; and yet the horns were distinctly heard at a distance of nine miles. Nor were these sounds sensibly impaired during the continuance of an exceedingly heavy rain-shower, a result which naturally added greatly to the perplexity of the learned professor. Passing hastily over the record, we come to that portion from which the first clew was taken, and the result of which gave the first ground for a new theory. It was a month later—"a lovely July morning, the sky a stainless blue, the air calm, and the sea smooth;" and yet, at a distance of but two miles, and with the steam-clouds from the horns, and whistles, and the gun-puffs, clearly visible, no sound was heard. It is surely not surprising that, in the presence of these facts, Professor Tyndall should have "stood amazed and confounded." Optical clearness and acon-

tic clearness were supposed to go hand-in-hand; "and yet here was a day, perfectly optically clear, proving itself to be a day of acoustic darkness almost impenetrable." We wish that space would permit of an extended review of the methods by which the observer compelled his imagination to do scientific service. The result of its use, however, may be briefly stated as follows: Sulphur in homogeneous crystals is transparent to radiant heat, while the ordinary brimstone of commerce is not; and this because the latter does not possess the molecular continuity of the former. For a kindred reason, a piece of ice is optically transparent, while a snowball, an aggregation of grains of ice, is opaque. For the same cause foam and clouds are impervious to light; "not through real absorption or extension of the light, but through internal reflection." In order to apply this theory, it was only needed to prove that the atmosphere on that clear day was not homogeneous; that is, that it was streaked or mottled by portions saturated in different degrees. And this fact was established as follows: At 3.15 P. M. a cloud crossed the sun, shading the entire space—two miles—between the boat and the land. As a result of this shading of the sea's surface the production of vapor was checked, and the air allowed to mix with it more perfectly. Such was the inference founded upon the theory above given, and the result proved its correctness. The sounds that were inaudible before at a distance of two miles were now distinctly heard. Important as these results may be regarded by the "admiralty," they are much more significant and wonderful as demonstrative of the marvelous result to be obtained by a discreet and scientific use of the imagination.

The agitation in favor of cheap transit for produce, etc., whether it be productive of any immediate results in the form of special legislation, can but be of service in directing the at-

and cars balanced upon it. The illustration, which we here reproduce, will best serve to explain the novel features of Mr. Crew's plan. It here appears that the rail is triangular, or prismatical, in form, the track proper projecting somewhat above the centre of the prism. Upon this track the single drive-wheel rests, and is retained in place by two beveled friction-rollers, which act as flanges. Upon the same shafts which support these rollers are also broad, flat-faced rollers, that bear upon the opposite beveled sides of the track, as shown. With this system of wheels it is maintained in perfect equilibrium even when rounding curves whose radius is but thirty-seven and a half feet. Each car has two of these wheels, one at each end. An actual trial of this new method is now in progress in Atlanta, Georgia, the directors of a street-railway company in that city having given the inventor every encouragement in this, his initial attempt.

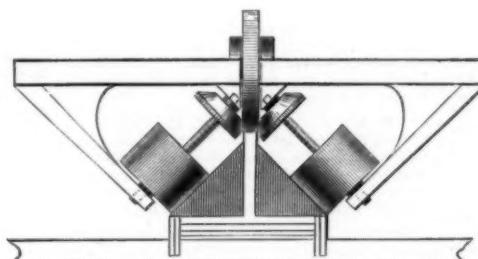
Although less eager at the outset, the French have at last entered in earnest upon their preparations for observing the coming transit of Venus. They will have stations at Yokohama, Amsterdam Island, St. Paul, in the Indian Ocean, Chetfoo, Peking, Noomed, Shanghai, the Macdonald Islands, and the Marquesas. Special attention will be given to the photographic department, which will form a principal feature of the expeditions. To insure success in this work, there is now being erected in the Jardin de Luxembourg a photographic studio for the use of the transit photographers. The French Academy contributes its share in the form of a large 4to volume of three hundred pages, containing all the reports and maps relating to the coming transit. A copy of this volume will be presented to each member of the expedition.

As the result of a series of experiments on evaporation, M. Stefare announces the following laws relating to the evaporation of liquids: 1. The rapidity of evaporation of a liquid from a tube is inversely proportional to the distance of the liquid's surface from the open end of the tube. 2. The rapidity of evaporation is independent of the diameter of the tube. 3. The rapidity of evaporation increases with the temperature, inasmuch as with this the vapor pressure of the liquid rises.

A Frenchman has proposed the following simple method for destroying slugs, snails, and like animals which may be injurious to the crops. It consists in watering abundantly, in dry weather, plots of one or two metres surface, every fifteen or twenty metres, over cultivated land, and then covering these plots with dry odoriferous herbs and leaves, of which the animals are fond. In two or three days the snails and other mollusks, having been attracted to these herbs, can be destroyed by burning.

Contemporary Sayings.

A NEW-YORK Assemblyman broke out as follows about the death of Sumner: "Rivers shall yet flow, lakes shall sparkle, and broad oceans roll where rock-ribbed mountains now rear their frowning heights to heaven; over sites where populous cities now stand, trackless forests shall again be spread; those mysterious pyramids of Egypt, against which the billows of time have



tention of inventors to the great need—that of cheap but safe railways. As the case now stands, an interior and mere branch railway requires for its equipment as broad a road-bed, with its embankments and cuts, as heavy rails, and as ponderous rolling-stock, as any grand-trunk road. The first suggestions toward reform in this matter appeared in the form of the narrow-gauge roads, now in use in certain Western States and Territories. These roads are simply miniature railways, the roadway track and rolling-stock being of the same general pattern as the trunk-road, only of smaller dimensions. Following this movement for narrow-gauge roads is that in favor of the "prismatical," or one-rail railway. The *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, for March, contains a paper descriptive of this novel invention, together with illustrations of the engine, and a sectional view of the track, with the drive-wheel and appliances for keeping the engine

dashed for so many centuries, shall yet bow their proud antiquity and find burial in the black ocean of oblivion; constellations that now blaze on high will fade from the azure fields they beautify, and new-born glories shall, in the firmament, declare the star-writ counsels of the living God; but he to whose memory we are met to-night to render the humble tribute of our love, has left a name that shall mark the destroying influence of ages—a record that, rising like a bow of glory o'er his grave, shall track its imperial arch through time, and, bending beyond the skies, shall reach into eternity."

"I have often reflected," says the Table-Talker, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "upon the great advantage which the French language has over ours in the possession of the little words *Monsieur* and *Madame*. Of course we have the equivalents in *Mister* and *Mrs.*; but think for a moment, if it were only in the matter of sound, what prairies roll between *Mister* and *Missus*, and *Monsieur* and *Madame*—the one pronounced in the best English (wherever it is to be found spoken), and the other in the French of Paris! If we had the old English renderings of the Latin words whence our modern appellations are derived, we need not envy the French. Mr. is, as Macaulay's school-boy will tell his sisters, the abbreviation of Magister, and Mrs. we get from the feminine of the same word, *Magistra*, which, being translated into the English of Shakespeare, is Mistress. It is not so very long ago that these good, broad, meaning words were in constant use in England."

"I would not," says Mr. Beecher, "for all the comfort which I might get from the books of the Alexandrian Library, or from the Lennox Library, give up the comfort which I get out of Nature. . . . There is nothing that grows—no weed, no grass, no flower, no fruit—that is not in some way related to God in my thoughts; and I am never so near Him as when I am in the presence of his works—as when, night or day, I am in that solemn cathedral, the world of Nature, and behold its ever-changing beauty. There are no such frescoes in art as God's hand paints in the heavens. There are no such relations of God as come to us through Nature. In the budding, blossoming days of spring, in the balmy days of summer, in the fruitful days of autumn, in the days of winter, in every day of the year, there is something that is a separate leaf to me in God's outside Bible, now that I have learned to read it."

"That woman," says Professor Youmans, in THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, "has a sphere marked out by her organization, however the notion may be scouted by the reformers, is as true as that the bird and the fish have spheres which are determined by their organic natures. Birds often plunge into the watery deep, and fishes sometimes rise into the air, but one is nevertheless formed for swimming and the other for flight. So women may make transient diversions from the sphere of activity for which they are constituted, but they are nevertheless formed and designed for maternity, the care of children, and the affairs of domestic life. They are the mothers of humankind, the natural educators of childhood, the guardians of the household, and, by the deepest ordinance of things they are this, in a sense and to a degree that man is not."

The London *Saturday Review* heads its article on the liquor-crusade as "Intimidation by Prayer," and says: "What chiefly deserves to be noticed about this agitation is, that it is simply a form of mob intimidation which, in any country where personal rights were respected and reasonable freedom maintained, would be suppressed at once by the authorities. If the people who are now praying down the rum-shops and whiskey-bars really believed in the efficacy of prayer pure and simple, they would be content to pray comfortably at home, instead of going out into the streets. The mere fact that the prayers have to be delivered in the presence of the saloon-keeper or in front of his door sufficiently proves that the prayers are directed not to Heaven, but at the persons who are to be coerced."

A writer in *Old and New*, on the "Rights of Tweed and other Convicts," argues that convicts have a right to be treated with a view to their re-

formation. He says: "People say that Tweed has got what he deserves; that probably he will die before his term is ended; that he will manage to escape; that he will manage to be pardoned out; any thing that implies guilt, death, or evasion. Has any suggestion been made by any human being that the poor old man can be cared for? Has any minister preached the duty of Christians, or the power of Christianity, to make him a good man? Has any newspaper, either religious, secular, or sectarian, asserted it? Probably most people would, at first, at any rate, either laugh at the suggestion, or be displeased at it as frivolous."

A correspondent of the *Golden Age*, who gives the signature of "A Woman," asks, in reference to recent events: "Are not women proving all the assertions commonly made by men as to their unfitness to make or keep laws, to be absolutely and terribly true? What woman, in view of the astounding acts and words of her sisters to-day, can contradict a man who enunciates as general propositions that 'women have no sense of justice; they see every thing from a personal point of view; they never reason; they jump at conclusions; they are illogical, and always personal'?"

The *Saturday Review*, in its comments on the liquor-crusade, takes the same position assumed by this JOURNAL in its first utterance upon the subject. It says: "Where the trade is prohibited, it is for the authorities to put it down; but that it should be possible for a trade which is perfectly lawful to be suppressed by mobs of howling women in the streets, is clearly a violation of one of the first principles of government."

The "Town Crier" of the *San Francisco News-Letter*, *d propos* of the ladies' liquor-crusade, has paraphrased a well-known poem by Byron, the first verse of which (the paraphrase) is as follows:

"The ladies came down like a wolf on the fold,
And their toilets were gleaming with purple and gold;
And the gleam of bright eyes was like stars that we see
When we tinkle blue rain in sweet Barbary."

The *Traveler* thinks that Tennyson's "verses on the marriage of Alfred and Mary are the flattest twaddle that ever was written, even by a poet-laureate. Fye himself never 'got off' any thing half so bad, and the gentleman who used to grind out 'machine-poetry' would have ground them over, had he ever sunk so low as to produce lines so sublimely stupid." The *Traveler* is too severe.

Some one applies the following old, old joke to our new ambassador to Spain: "I am glad Caleb Cushing has gone to Spain," says one. "Why?" "Because I always hated Spain." This ancient jest has now been applied to everybody everywhere. Let it be forgotten.

The *Christian Union* thinks, in reference to Charles Sumner, that it was "a great misfortune to himself, and to some extent to the public as well, that he missed the softening, purifying influences of domestic life and the experiences derived from the training of noble sons and daughters."

Bismarck has assured the Alsatian malcontents that "when they have been with Germany for two hundred years the results of their comparisons would be in Germany's favor." It is doubtful whether the Alsatians derive much comfort from this assurance.

A grumbler in the *Boston Traveler* thinks "any thing possible in our climate—but good weather." This is rank ingratitude, for what climate gives such glorious weather? But we had forgotten—the writer was speaking of the Boston climate!

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MARCH 19.—Advices from Japan: Ennomoto appointed minister plenipotentiary to Russia. The leaders of the opposition party have attacked the administration in violent terms, and proposed the establishment of a national legislature by a memorial to the mikado. The reply was, that the establishment of a Parliament was already decided upon.

Report that the questions between Peru and China, relative to the cooly-trade, will be referred to Russia for arbitration.

Death, at Bridgeport, Conn., of David S. Edwards, Medical Director of the United States Navy; aged seventy-nine years.

MARCH 20.—Advices from Spain: Report that General Palacios (Carlist) is marching toward Madrid with twelve thousand men, after defeating a republican column, under Colijo, near Minguela. Capture of an outlying fort at Bilbao by Carlists.

Rise and overflow of the Thames at London; Lambeth and Rotherhithe inundated; considerable damage done to property; several children and a number of horses drowned.

The Emperor of Austria appoints Herr Blito president of the new Hungarian ministry.

MARCH 21.—Advices from Cuba: Colonel Bellario Peralta and sixteen of his men killed by Spanish troops. Resignation of Señor Villamil, Intendente of Havana. Señor Manos appointed his successor.

Death, at Philadelphia, of St. George Tucker Campbell, a distinguished member of the bar; aged sixty years. Death by assassination, at Forest City, Ark., of Judge John W. Fox, of the Eleventh Judicial District.

MARCH 22.—Advices from Mexico: A Catholic mob attacked the Protestant chapel at Puebla, March 7th, and stoned the pastor, Rev. Antonio Corral.—The State of Yucatan entirely disorganized by the revolution.—The Tepic Indians continue their depredations; have twice defeated the government troops; reinforcements have been dispatched.

Baron Schwartz-Senborn gazetted Austrian minister to Washington.

Death, at Washington, of Judge Lewis Dent, brother-in-law of President Grant; aged fifty years.

Death, at Genoa, of Countess Danner, morganatic widow of the late King of Denmark, Frederick VII.; aged sixty years.

MARCH 23.—Twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of King Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Sardinia celebrated throughout Italy.

Serious disturbance reported at Gowen, Mich., caused by the efforts of raftsmen to destroy dams on Flat River.

Disastrous fire at Elgin, Ill. Several blocks burned.

Pullman palace-cars introduced in England; hailed by the press with great enthusiasm.

MARCH 24.—Advices from Spain: Carlists firing the streets of Bilbao by means of incendiary shells. Capture of the suburb Albia by the besiegers.

Don José de la Concha, successor of Captain-General Jovellar at Havana, receives the title of Governor-General of the Antilles, with unlimited powers. General Burriel, late Governor of Santiago de Cuba, to be made field-marshall.

Large saw-mill burned at Philadelphia. Large fire at Elmira, N. Y.; many buildings burned. Explosion of a Mississippi towboat; eight men killed, and four wounded.

Fight, at Florence, Arizona, between Major Randall and Apache Indians; eleven warriors killed.

Death, at Beverly, Mass., of Rev. James Tracy, D. D., aged eighty.

MARCH 25.—Carlists rout a small force of republicans, under Colonel Ronille, at Tordera.

Fire at Morrisania, N. Y.; a mother and three children burned to death.

Reports from Cuba of a battle, near Puerto Principe, between Armmian's brigade and the united rebel forces under Maximo Gomez.

Notices.

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